

Catholic Digest

Vol. 9

MARCH, 1945

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Risen, then, with Christ, you must lift your thoughts above, where Christ now sits at the right hand of God. You must be heavenly-minded, not earthly-minded; you have undergone death, and your life is hidden away now with Christ in God. Christ is your life, and when He is made manifest, you too will be made manifest in glory with Him.

The Epistle of Holy Saturday (Msgr. Knox trans.).

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.

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Catholic Digest

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MARCH, 1945

No. 3

Communistic Imperialism

By JOHN W. WHITE

Headquarters: Mexico City

A new brand of imperialism is now sweeping over South and Central America. It is the imperialism of the anti-Catholic, communist-inspired labor movement of Mexico.

This new imperialism is clearly designed to extend the influence of the atheist Mexican labor leaders over the entire South American continent and so enable them to exploit the working classes of the other 19 southern republics in the same way that they do in Mexico. The machinery for achieving this big objective is the Latin-American Labor Federation, known in the southern Americas as the C.T.A.L., from the initials of its Spanish name, *Confederación de Trabajadores de América Latina*.

The imperialistic pattern of this new movement became very apparent during the second Inter-American Labor Congress which met at Cali, Colombia, in December under the auspices of the C. T. A. L., with 46 delegates present from 15 countries, including the

Latin-American republics of Canada, Great Britain, and the U. S.! There was a great deal of talk about democracy during the sessions of the congress, but there was nothing democratic in the way the assembly functioned. Its sessions were under the dictatorial, totalitarian rule of the self-appointed labor czar of Latin America, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the founder and president of the C. T. A. L.

A huge portrait of the South American liberator, Simón Bolívar, was removed from its usual place in the assembly hall, that a picture of Stalin might have the place of honor. Near by were large pictures of President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and Toledano.

The true character of the second Inter-American Labor Congress was described as follows in an editorial in the leading Cali newspaper, *Diario del Pacifico*:

"It required only a few days, from Sunday to Thursday, to make evident

the real character of the congress. The incidents which occurred during the sessions; the majority of the speeches; and, above all, the hostile attitude of the chair toward Father Vicente Andrade, served to demonstrate beyond all doubt that the assembly was not inspired by a just interest in the future welfare of the working classes but that it was an agency of Moscow inspired by sinister motives.

"Day after day the assembly was a center of attacks and insults against the Church, its doctrines, and its clergy. These attacks were vulgar in their expression and cowardly in their methods, since it was cowardly to invite the Church to be represented at the congress and then attack it in the grossest manner, at the same time denying its representative an opportunity to reply to the insults."

The incident between Father Vicente Andrade and Lombardo Toledano, referred to in the editorial, was the climax of the congress. As far as Colombians were concerned, it relegated all other results of the congress to second and third importance.

The Colombian Federation of Labor, most of whose members are Catholic, was host of the congress and in that capacity had invited the Primate Archbishop of Bogotá to attend the sessions. The Archbishop wrote a letter to the Colombian Federation accepting the invitation but stating that since ill health made it impossible for him to leave Bogotá, he was sending Father Vicente Andrade, S.J., as his representative.

Toledano, in his three-hour inaugural address to the delegates, insulted the Catholic Church; accused it of the recent attempt to assassinate Pres. Avila Camacho of Mexico; and asserted that the present campaign against the Protestant missionaries throughout Latin America is one of the nazi-fascist movements which organized labor must fight.

Father Andrade wrote a letter to Toledano answering his attacks against the Church and asking that the letter be read to the delegates. Toledano did not permit the letter to come before the congress. On the next day, José Francisco Socarrás, a Colombian representing a union of school teachers, was given the floor and delivered another long speech attacking the Church.

When Socarrás sat down, Father Andrade asked permission to address the delegates. Toledano refused it on the ground that the priest was not a delegate of any organization of workmen. Father Andrade replied that several other speakers, including Socarrás, were not delegates of workmen's organizations. He asked that since this had been proclaimed to be a democratic assembly the delegates be permitted to vote on his request to speak to them. Toledano shouted at Father Andrade that he could not speak and then began ringing the bell which South American chairmen use instead of a gavel. Toledano kept ringing the bell until he created a bedlam of hand-clapping, stamping of feet, whistling and catcalls, at the height of which the priest retired from the meeting.

Toledano's championship of the Protestant missionaries was a new development in Latin-American labor movements. It tied up, however, with the decision of the communist leaders, meeting secretly in Mexico City in May, 1944, to favor the Protestant missionary movement as a means of spreading unrest and confusion in the South and Central American republics, as one of the announced purposes of the communist program.

The 9th congress of the communist party of Mexico last May was made the occasion for a secret meeting of South American communist leaders in Mexico City, that city having become the general headquarters for the communist drive in Latin America. One of the two principal addresses at this secret meeting on May 18 was made by the Chilean senator, Elias Lafferte, president of Chile's communist party, the largest outside Russia. After a long report on the advances which the communist party has made throughout South and Central America, Lafferte gave his audience of party leaders careful instructions for the future. Part of these instructions were concerned with religion, and more especially with fighting the Catholic Church. On this score, he said:

"Under the pretext of culture, education, civilization, philosophy and modern trends, we must attack religion. I want to mention a special case which may help us. The laws of the republics of this continent permit freedom of religion. Under this form it is advisable that our authorities permit

other religions to enter our countries, such as the Mormons, the Anglicans, Protestants, Buddhists, Jews, and Mohammedans. Let these sects openly have their temples. They will help us to sow the seeds of confusion in the minds of Indians and workers. They will help us make them lose their confidence in God, since they will see that there are many gods. They will help us make them lose their respect for religion and thus gradually we will infuse our theories of positivism and individual and collective economy so that all the new generations will look upon all these religions as garbage that must be disposed of as soon as possible if a better life is to be attained.

"It is, therefore, necessary for all you comrades to have these instructions ever present in your mind so that when you return to your zones you may instruct the cells how to fight the power of the Catholic Church. We must prepare ourselves to make Mexico and Latin America ready to play a dominant role in the future communist conquest of the world."

This communist precept was embodied in the second of the ten resolutions which represent the concrete results of the Cali conference. This resolution, devoted to Latin-American politics, declares that Latin-American workers must continue fighting to strengthen democracy on the continent by fighting all tendencies toward fascism. They must fight against the fifth column, against the Falange, and against all anti-communist, anti-Protestant, and anti-Semitic campaigns.

The resolution urges workers to do everything in their power to strengthen democracy in their respective countries, regardless of political or religious creeds, "since the hour has not yet struck for the social revolution in Latin America."

The ten resolutions approved by the delegates at their closing session showed the assembly to have been a political congress, rather than a labor meeting. All ten resolutions were devoted to political ends and made no mention of South and Central American workers except as political forces.

The first resolution declared in favor of a just and lasting peace that will make a third world war impossible; urged the working classes of Latin America to wipe out fascism from the American continent; demanded punishment of war criminals, including the death penalty for all fascist leaders; urged the laboring classes to work for destruction of nazism and in favor of the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union; to fight for destruction of the Franco régime, and to bring about the rupture of diplomatic relations with Spain. Also, Latin-American laborers are to work for liberation of Portugal, although the resolution does not indicate how.

The third resolution announced the decision to send 14 delegates to the World Labor Congress at London and to work there for the organization of one world organism for the working classes. It expressed again the resolve to fight against fascist regimes throughout the world, to demand punishment

of Germany and compliance with all the points of the Atlantic Charter and the Teheran Conference.

The fourth and fifth resolutions were devoted to the political situation in Bolivia; and the sixth expressed the decision to support a movement for the immediate independence of Puerto Rico. The seventh called upon the government of the Dominican Republic "to proceed at the earliest possible moment to study the necessity of setting up a political, economic, and social organization that will benefit the workers of that country." The eighth declared in favor of the establishment of an independent Jewish state in Palestine and repeated the determination to fight against anti-Semitic campaigns in the American republics. The ninth and tenth resolutions were devoted to military matters, including the demand that all military bases now occupied by the U. S. in Latin America be shut down as soon as the war ends.

Whatever merit these resolutions may have as expressions of democratic faith, the fact remains that the "democracy" is merely a sideline of the anti-fascist campaign of the communist party. For example, the resolution demanding that all the American nations break off diplomatic relations with Franco Spain was introduced by Pedro Saad, secretary general of the communist party of Ecuador. A communist delegate from Cuba spoke violently against the use of British troops to interfere with the internal politics of Greece.

Colombian newspapers have pub-

lished the accusation that Toledano went to Cali with instructions from Moscow to organize communist militias in Colombia, similar to those in Greece. While the congress was in session, the Bishop of Santa Rosa, in the Department of Antioquia, wrote to the minister of government in Bogotá, denouncing the existence of communist militias in his province. The national government immediately ordered all such militias disbanded and issued instructions to the proper authorities to see to it that their dissolution was effective.

Whatever benefits the workers of South and Central America are to receive from their membership in the Latin-American Labor Federation will not be decided by international congresses like the Cali meeting. Decisions of that nature will be made in the totalitarian method by the central committee, of which the two key positions of president and secretary general are in the hands of well-known Mexican agitators—Vicente Lombardo Toledano and Fidel Velásquez. The federation's constitution insures continuance of these two top offices in Mexican hands by providing that the international headquarters of the federation shall be located in Mexico City and that the offices of president and secretary general shall always go to citizens of the country in which the headquarters are located. Toledano and Velásquez were re-elected by unanimous vote at Cali.

Toledano is generally recognized as one of the best educated and most as-

tute agitators in all Latin America and, consequently, one of the most dangerous. He is 50; a Doctor of Philosophy; and a graduate of the Law School of the National University of Mexico. Two other Mexican universities have accorded him *honoris causa* degrees. On two occasions he has been rector of the National Preparatory School of the National University. He has been director of the School of Fine Arts in Mexico City, and for several years was professor of law and philosophy on various university faculties. He served in Congress as a deputy and has been governor of his native state, Puebla. He is the author of several books on different aspects of Mexican culture and its national and international politics. He has founded two Universities—the Gabino Barrera University and the Workers' University of Mexico City, of which he is now the rector.

Toledano was the founder of the famous Mexican Federation of Labor (*Confederación de Trabajadores de México*) which played such a prominent part in the Mexican Revolution and the fight against the Catholic Church. He was secretary general of the federation during the first five years of its existence. In 1938 he set himself up as an international labor leader by calling the conference at Mexico City at which the C. T. A. L. was organized. He is a member of the administrative council of the International Labor Office and has traveled extensively in all parts of the world, including Russia.

The constitution of the C. T. A. L. provides that the Inter-American labor conferences shall meet every three years. During the next three years the communist and anti-religious program

of the Mexican labor movement will be carried out by labor syndicates affiliated with C. T. A. L., most of which are under communist domination and control.

Overheard Over There

The following conversation between Moose Murphy, the sage of Sangamon St., and Jerry Miller, a respectable citizen from Carpenter, was picked up behind the lines on one of our distant battle fronts. The boys, who had been sent out on a mission with a walkie-talkie, had unknowingly left the set on.

"What's the matter, Jerry, you look down."

"I am down. I don't feel so good."

"Maybe those porterhouse steaks we've been getting lately don't agree with you. Maybe it's those jumbo mushrooms fried in butter."

"Quit your kidding."

"Well, then, what's wrong?"

"Remember Pat, the kid with the million-dollar smile, who was sent home after he stopped a hunk of shrapnel with his lower jaw?"

"Well, I got a letter from him this morning. Was he burned up! Seems they had Forty Hours over at Brendan's last week. You remember how we were always in the processions. One of the padres got up Sunday and told the people all about it. He said among other things that they were going to have a big Mass the next day for peace. He said that since every-

body wanted peace and since many had sons and husbands all around the world fighting for peace the church should be filled with people storming heaven.

"Well, Pat was there, all dressed up with his new plastic jaw. He said he came out fighting mad; he felt like tearing his uniform to shreds."

"Why? What was wrong?"

"There weren't even 100 people in church. When I read that I got sorta sick all over."

"Gee, what do you make of it? Wouldn't you think that with us guys out here fighting and sweating, crying, and some of us dying, that they at least would pray for the same thing we're struggling for?"

"Gosh, you'd think so. You know, Moose, sometimes I get thinking, especially when I am pinned down in a slit trench. I get to thinking maybe we Americans aren't as perfect and pleasing to God as we think we are: maybe we're not all right and the other guys all wrong: maybe God's waiting until we come much closer to Him."

"Yah, maybe you're right, and in the meantime we're out here dying 1,000 deaths and getting nowhere quickly."

From the Savor's Call (Jan. '45).

America's Model Town

By ROY F. BERGENGREN

Condensed from the *Bridge**

Christian cooperatives work

Westphalia, Iowa, is the most talked of small town in America. It is a Catholic town of less than 150 population, the trading center for approximately 300 farmers.

There are 37,586 other towns and villages in the U. S. with population of less than 500 each. But let us think of Westphalia as a typical American rural community. Then its significance becomes self-evident. Also bear in mind that between 1900 and 1940, the percentage of urban population in the U. S. increased from 40% to 56.5%, an increasing trend of population citywards of 16.5%. Consideration of this trend is important, because of what the extension of "the Westphalian philosophy" might mean to the restoration of a good rural life in America.

The priest at Westphalia is Father Hubert Duren, one of those rare human beings who cannot be associated with any stock model. He is so exceptional that the greatest difficulty one encounters, in trying to find in Westphalia a technique which could be applied all over rural America, is the extent of his importance. Westphalia is not on a railroad, nor even on a macadam highway. The exact point at which you abandon the highway for the gravel road is not clearly designated on the map. However, once you find the town and get a look at the

efficient, modern cooperative store, you will always remember Westphalia.

Near by is beautiful St. Boniface church, and way up from the steeple a great American flag was snapping in the high winds. There is a modern school, a field for athletics and recreation, and a building which houses the social activities of the townspeople; and this may be the place to mention a 50-piece band, over which many-sided Father Duren presides as bandmaster and cornet soloist.

Father Duren came to Westphalia 16 years ago, and has been building a model rural community ever since. An old-timer told me how Father Duren first endeared himself to his parishioners: he showed them how to skate.

Let us talk with this versatile man. We are in his study, the walls of which are covered with his own paintings.

"The colonial strength of America," Father Duren points out, "was in its small towns. They were depots of distribution for community commodities. Business thrived in them. Churches, schools, community buildings were erected and cheerfully supported. The surplus was pooled in what was known as the 'town bank'; it was a picture of thrift, growth, wholesome economy.

"But," he continues, "things changed. People quit thinking. They let someone else plan their economy. In-

**Raiffeisen House, Madison, 1, Wis. January, 1945.*

stead of continuing as leaders, with knowledge, labor, and thrift, the people allowed themselves to be led, and merely worked. The backbone of true democratic functioning in the small town began to sway like a rotten limb in a high wind."

And he knows the answer. "I say emphatically: America, rebuild your small towns. Don't say: It can't be done. It has been done to the satisfaction of every thinking American in a little town in Iowa that was defunct in an area six miles square, surrounded by seven other towns two to six miles from the border, with the county seat only eight miles away."

During Father Duren's pastorate the credit union has accumulated assets of more than \$80,000. The Cooperative Store did a business last year of more than \$200,000. All this in a community of 150.

The full significance of this achievement is noted in an editorial in the *Farmers Union Herald*. It calls attention to the 37,587 towns and villages with less than 500 population; then notes that if there were a credit union in each of them with the resources of the one at Westphalia the aggregate capital would total over \$3 billion. The editorial comments on the co-op store's \$200,000 business, with a saving to the people of 22%, or \$44,000, and adds that "if the same amount of business were done by similar stores in all the 37,587 small towns and villages, the total amount would be \$7½ billion, and, if the same amount were to be saved in each little community, the

savings would total \$1,654,000,000."

But the purest gold does not come out of the ground. It is mined in the development of character. Father Duren has built into Westphalia a spiritual sense of community responsibility which I have never seen duplicated. His people, men, women and little children, know what the cooperative philosophy means—they understand the spiritual background of everything they have accomplished.

This was well revealed on Oct. 7-8, when Westphalia held its Rochdale Centennial celebration, under the sponsorship of the Catholic Rural Life Conference. Its primary purpose was to focus attention on the success of Father Duren's plan to build a complete life for his people on the basis of Church, education, recreation, and cooperation.

The celebration took two days. It was attended by four Bishops, and many members of the clergy. The Catholic Rural Life Conference, under the direction of Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, assisted in the program. On Saturday evening, Oct. 7, Father Duren staged a program in the school hall. As the curtain rose, it disclosed school children, dressed in white, with their arms full of flowers, the littlest in front. In the orchestra pit was the 50-piece band. Ranged on both sides of the hall were the larger children, who supplied a sort of auxiliary chorus. Most of the songs were written, words and music, by Father Duren, including his theme song, *The Birds and the Flowers*, which he never once let us forget.

After some singing by children, with

a solo thrown in now and then, when the littlest of the little girls would pipe away all by herself, motion pictures of the church and its activities were shown.

After that, a high-school student took the platform to tell us what the spiritual life of the community meant to him. There followed pictures of the educational part of Father Duren's complete life program and its recreational features, followed in each instance by a student whose stage presence indicated that Father Duren rather expects his young men to know how to handle themselves in public.

Finally Msgr. Ligutti called to the stage directors of the credit union, the cooperative store, and the mutual fire-insurance company. We then had the visual evidence of the importance attached to leadership in Westphalia. These men were cross-examined as to what cooperation had meant to the town, and they knew the story and how to tell it.

To what extent is Westphalia the work of one man? Can it be duplicated except as this one man can be duplicated? If Westphalia is to perform its true mission, it must supply the pattern for the expansion of this program throughout rural America.

It is, of course, elementary that a good credit union reflects good leadership. There can be no successful cooperative effort unless men are found who can work together intelligently.

There are over 11,000 credit unions in the U. S. and Canada, and they have a minimum of 122,000 directors and

committee members. It is true: that some of them reflect superior leadership and some suffer from inferior leadership, but we have discovered, in the credit-union work, that the average group of men and women includes managerial ability. This must be so, as witness the extraordinary progress of cooperative activity in Nova Scotia. St. Malo, in Manitoba, is a cooperative community on much the same pattern as Westphalia.

At the meeting, it was my privilege to meet two Jesuit priests, Father Sullivan and Father Ganey, both of whom are doing pioneering work of the greatest significance in cooperation among their people.*

I suggested at the Westphalia meeting that it would be fine if some day there were a college established at Westphalia for the training of men in the "Westphalian philosophy." Certainly, no more permanent memorial to a great idea could be built.

It is my impression that there is not even a remote possibility that a man of the extraordinary talents of Father Duren can be found in each of the 30,000 little rural communities in the U. S. which would be so much better off if they would duplicate Westphalia. But there are men of good will everywhere, men and women, too, who will study and apply intelligently the knowledge of cooperation thereby attained.

It is our challenge to find this leadership and to ready it for the great job ahead.

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan. '45, p. 77.

There are two outstanding contributions which Westphalia is making to the cooperative movement. In the first place, it proves the practicality of the community credit union. There are almost 40,000 small villages and towns within the general classification of Westphalia, but there are many more thousands with population between 500 and 1,000. There lies the great future of the credit-union movement in America. We are proving this to be so in North Dakota. Williston, in that state, population 5,100, has a \$500,000 credit union; Flasher, population 350, a credit union with assets of \$125,000.

An equally important contribution is being made by Westphalia to the

cooperative movement at large. The credit union is the bank of credit of the cooperative store. The two are a part of one whole. The North Dakota Central Credit Union includes cooperatives within its membership and makes loans to them. The central credit union in Saskatchewan performs a similar service to the cooperative movement of the province. The Light of Tyrrell Credit Union, composed of Negro farmers in Columbia, N. Car., led automatically to a cooperative farm, co-op store, and co-op sawmill.

Westphalia clearly shows that rural life in America can be made more attractive than life in any city, however large.



Help

Of the \$1,508,522 raised in the Bishops' appeal for war relief last March, 47% was used by Pius XII to aid the helpless, the outcast, the forsaken and despairing pawns of war and oppression who jammed virtually every main highway and side road in Europe. Of the balance, 18% was employed by the Chaplains' Aid and the Military Ordinariate in extending religious services to untold thousands and furnishing Mass supplies to Catholic chaplains in every theater of war; 17½% was expended by War Relief Services (NCWC) in providing religious services and devotional aids for victims of war, prisoners of war, and merchant seamen in 35 countries of the world; 12% went for the support of six overseas clubs for American servicemen conducted under the aegis of the National Catholic Community Service. Approximately 5% was used to help support Montezuma Seminary, near Las Vegas, N. Mex., where Mexican candidates for the priesthood are educated because antireligious laws have locked the doors of seminaries in their native land. Less than ½% of the amount expended was for administrative costs.

The Bishops' appeal comes annually on Lactare (Rejoice) Sunday, this year the second Sunday of March.

Paul Dearing in *The Sign* (March '45).

Truth and beauty meet in unison

On one critical, diplomatic occasion, Queen Victoria showed her husband, Prince Albert, a note she had prepared for some foreign government. According to Laurence Housman's play, *Victoria Regina*, Albert said to her: "Alter a few words. Say it; but differently. Often it is just the way a thing is said that decides whether it shall be peace or war. It is the same when two people quarrel. You and I, *Weibchen*, might often have quarreled, had we said the same thing that we did say, differently."

Life is a continual give-and-take. Often we want something and the problem is how to frame our request so it will make a *Yes* easy and a *No* not painful. More often we are asked for something we cannot grant; then the problem is to frame our *No* so it will fall gently, yet be honest.

The softer word can prevent a strained, or even broken, friendship. Once my best school friend was displeased with a club talk I had given. He said, "That speech of yours was mostly ranting." That hurt. Years have passed, and of course we remained friends, but even though he is now dead and I pray for him, I still unhappily remember that comment. I believe if he had said, "Your speech today sounded somewhat too loud and unrestrained to me," I would have felt no

By AUSTIN J. APP
Condensed from the *Queen's Work**

hurt at all and would have liked him more than ever for saying it.

Saving face is said to be indispensable for the Chinese. But for real good will it is important everywhere to help others save face as much as possible. Metaphorically speaking, the opposite of saying someone's face is slapping it.

It is surprising how often even the meekest person has to influence people. During every meal we ask to have this passed and that, and the manner in which we do it is taken as an index of our breeding. Every invitation, to talk, walk, dance, dine, or go to a play, in making, accepting, or declining, is a matter for pleasing and tactful phraseology.

It is said that every virtue has a negative. The most important negative for tactfulness is, "Don't contradict anyone flatly." This rule ought to be followed even toward one's closest friends and relatives and in the lightest matters. If a man says casually, "This is a fine snapshot," and his wife merely replies, "It's vile," her flat contradiction leaves some sting. If sister says, "Gee, that was a good radio program," and brother answers, "It was lousy," there is unnecessary hurt. If a man proposed, and the girl answered bluntly, "No, I won't," he would be not only hurt but angry; whereas if she emphasizes how honored she feels that he should pro-

pose, and how sorry that she cannot say Yes, he will, of course, not feel happy, but he will remain a friend. The story is told of an English writer that when he proposed to a lady she bluntly rejected him. Subsequently, the lady exercised her feminine privilege and sent a servant to him who announced, "Sir, the lady has changed her mind." The writer answered laconically, "So have I, boy, so have I."

The fact that it was thought necessary to erect elaborate indirections in parliamentary procedure is a pointed proof of the danger of sharp and flat contradictions in large groups. At class, club, church, and sodality meetings, every speaker owes it to himself and the group to avoid sharp contradictions and to introduce his objections in the least offensive manner. Such openings as "Mr. Chairman, I don't agree with the last speaker" or "The last speaker is wrong" or "The motion is foolish" are unforgivable. No matter how definitely one has to differ, he must somehow soften his contradiction. The best and most honest way to do it is to open one's remark with a recognition of something favorable about the previous speaker or his proposal.

Some such openings as the following are necessary: "Though the last speaker was very plausible, yet I think one can point out . . ."; "The last objection is a sound one but, in my opinion, it is not so weighty as . . ."; "The opposition's statistics are correct and representative, but I would give them a different interpretation"; "The motion clearly shows a good intention.

Nevertheless. . . ." Surely, with a little careful analysis, one can find something to commend in every motion or suggestion before attacking it. Doing so is not compromising our point; it is making it more effective by making it less painful.

Never contradicting anyone flatly is the great *Don't* in the habit of saying things the most pleasant way. Being modest, presenting one's view modestly, is the great *Do*.

Franklin in his *Autobiography* presents the clearest case for the modest approach, "never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion, but rather say, 'I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so'; 'It appears to me,' or, 'I should think it so or so, for such and such reasons'; or, 'I imagine it to be so'; or, 'It is so, if I am not mistaken.'"

Such a habit of modesty in presentation becomes everyone and would help to make the family circle more amiable and international congresses more peaceful.

Modesty of viewpoint and avoidance of bald contradictions must in a courteous and tactful person be supplemented by a regular habit of saying things as others hear them. Secretary Lansing once related how a gallant French official, required to make out a passport for a lady who unfortunately had only one eye, wrote, "Eyes, brilliant, brown, and expressive; only one missing." Here was an instance of choosing the words which had the best

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and

possible sound for the other person. In like manner, a shoe clerk will say to a lady who asks which of her feet is larger that her left foot is smaller.

A moment's thought as to the other's viewpoint will often enable one, without dishonesty, to change the emphasis so as to sound less harsh. It is more painful to be called too old for a job than not young enough for it; too fat for a part than not slender enough; too clumsy than not handy enough. A mother would rather be told that her child is backward than a moron.

Nice words are more irresistible than good looks. Soft talkers win more hearts than rude Adonises. A mother, anxious for her daughter, fears a man's "line" more than his wavy hair. Most of us recognize the power of the soft phrase in love. But we don't realize

quite so well that in controversy, too, the fair analogy wins faster than the harsh syllogism. The Bible says of the serpent that tempted Eve that it was "more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth." And the first thing the serpent said to Eve was not an abstract argument but something which touched her own personal vanity. "Why," asked the serpent, "hath God commanded you, that you should not eat of every tree of paradise?" as much as to imply that surely one should expect that a fair and wondrous creature like herself should have the right to eat of every tree.

The subtlety of the words the serpent employed for an evil purpose, good men will employ for good purposes. "Be ye wise as serpents," said the Lord.



Trade

"Look here, Father," said the smirking principal of a Filipino school, as he fiddled with his gold watch; "religions are just like watches. It makes no difference what kind of watch you have; they all give the same time. So it is with religions. It makes no difference which religion you have; they are all alike and get you to the right place."

The maze of brown faces grouped around were wide with astonishment at this open display of wisdom on the part of the principal, and they turned pitying eyes on the poor missionary.

"If they are all so terribly alike," said the priest, "Why, then let's make a trade." With this he pulled his Ingersoll out of his pocket and offered it to the principal. It worked. The gold watch of the principal went back into his pocket, and the laughter of the students went through the whole village.

The City Hitler Hated

By LUDWIG R. KRAHFORST

Over the destruction of Aachen, the first German metropolis to fall into American hands, Hitler is not likely to have wept tears of compassion or felt that the ancient border city stood on particularly sacred German soil. Although a product of the borderland, he had no love for the extreme western outpost of his state. Neither during his rise to power nor as dictator and first soldier of Germany, did he ever set foot or show himself in Aachen, the Reich's one-time capital. Those of its people who endured the siege, or returned to the rubble of their homes, have yet to meet the man who so spitefully avoided and in the end so uselessly sacrificed their beautiful and venerable city.

Hitler is no exception to the rule that apostates are apt to become the grimmest enemies of their former attachment. Nor is his lieutenant, Dr. Goebbels. Both were born and raised in the Catholic faith, and both have done their worst to undermine and discredit its prestige and teachings. Muenchen-Gladbach, Goebbels' home town, 20 miles from Aachen, as well as Hitler's frontier birthplace, Braunau, are, like most Rhenish and Austrian towns, overwhelmingly Catholic. The customary salutations in both countries are *Adieu* and *Grüss Gott* (Salute God). *Heil Hitler* sounds raw and alien, particularly in Rhenish and Austrian dia-

lect. It sounds sacrilegious in sight of the cross of the Saviour (in German, *Heiland*), and in Aachen one was rarely beyond sight of a crucifix or holy image.

Aachen was in Hitler's opinion an unreliable ally, an international-minded, church-ridden city of bigots, Francophiles and separatists. He called it the darkest spot in the Rhineland, *Der schwarze Gau*, so named by the "party" after the black cloth of the clergy.

Ever since its founding by the Romans, Aachen maintained closer political and cultural relations with the West and South than with the peoples living between the Rhine and Elbe rivers. Cologne was as far as Aacheners cared to travel east. They seldom crossed the Rhine. They preferred an outing into Belgian Spa, to visit the Gilleppe, Neutral-Moresnet, or the catacombs in Dutch Valkenburg. Or, of a Sunday, they would run down to Brussels for an asparagus dinner and *pommes frites*. Paris was closer than Berlin, sentimentally as well as geographically, and Antwerp was their favorite and nearest port.

The people of Aachen had learned to cultivate the amenities of the West because their city was for centuries the capital of western Europe, the country of the Franks. Their affinity for France was so natural and deep-rooted that, when Prussian dominance became too

oppressive and intolerant, many prominent citizens left to settle across the near-by borders. Entire Rhenish clans and communities emigrated during the turbulent 40's, and many others left to escape Prussian conscription and Bismarck's wrath during the *Kulturkampf*, three decades later. Numerous Religious Orders fled Prussian persecution and built monasteries and convents just over the Dutch and Belgian frontiers, ringing the city of Aachen with eminent schools of learning. Incidentally, when during the last century a group of eastern emigrants, on their way to the U.S., had reached the border near Aachen, they found the atmosphere so improved that they decided to stay. They named their settlement New America.

Aachen, famous for its thermal waters, was already known to Roman legionnaires, who named the spot *Aquisgranum*, in honor of Apollo Granus, worshiped in connection with hot springs. It grew in importance during the Merovingian and Carolingian eras, especially since Charlemagne, who loved to hunt in the vast forests covering the northern slopes of the Ardennes, made it his residence and later the capital of his *Frankenreich*, the empire of the Franks. From Aachen, Trier, Cologne, and other Roman depots, Roman legions launched various expeditions beyond the Rhine, but never successfully. Governor Varus, in a last attempt to subjugate what is now Westphalia, was so decisively beaten and his cohorts so utterly destroyed by Arminius, chieftain of the Cherusci,

that Emperor Augustus wailed for days, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" This victory, *Die Schlacht im Teutoburger Wald*, now constitutes the most glorious chapter in nazi textbooks on early German history.

Charlemagne, seven centuries later, vanquished and converted to Christianity the very tribes which form today the nucleus and pride of Hitler's Third Reich. He conquered the large domain of the blond Saxon chief Wittekind, captured the leader and his nobles, and razed the groves and effigies of their heathen deities, Wotan, Thor, and Frigga. In his gratitude, the Emperor built a chapel to the Virgin Mary in Aachen, which then lost its pagan name and became known as Aix-la-Chapelle, the chapel by the waters.

Hitler never had a good word for Charlemagne, "the vassal of the Vatican, the murderer of Germanic youth." Alfred Rosenberg, his mouthpiece in matters of nazi ideology, brazenly ignores the Emperor's achievements in his fantastic book, *The Mythos of the 20th Century*. Nazi schoolbooks never mention that Charlemagne was an ally of the Pope and crowned in Rome, in 800, the most serene, august, great and pacific Emperor of the Romans, King of the Franks and Lombards (who spoke Latin fluently, and wore not a bearskin, and horns on his head, but a long tunic and cloak after the Roman fashion.) Nor do nazi history books inform Hitler youth that Charlemagne personally smashed those pagan idols which National Socialism is trying to restore to pre-Christian eminence, and

that he appointed, of all people, an Englishman, named Alcuin, as head of the *Schola Carolingia*, his palace school in Aachen, to teach pagan Teuton boys Christian culture and civilities.

Napoleon was fond of Aachen and often used its healing sulphur baths. He suggested many civic improvements and personally supervised conversion of old ramparts into promenades, and the planting of trees along the *Chaussée Liège* which still shade this direct highway between Aachen and the capital of Belgian Limburg. There were many other reminders of Napoleon's farsightedness and generosity. The ballroom of the old Heusch residence, for instance, in which he had once gaily led the cotillion, was turned into a museum, with priceless French rococo treasures. The *Code Napoleon* remained city law long after it was officially succeeded by the *Lex Germanica*, and Aachen, by the Congress of Vienna, was ceded to Prussia. The contrast between the new regime and the ancient tradition of the city was curiously illustrated in 1818 by a scene described in Metternich's *Memoirs*, when, before the opening of the congress, Francis I, Emperor of Austria, regarded by all Germany as the successor of the Holy Roman emperors, knelt at the tomb of Charlemagne amid a worshipping crowd, while Frederick William III of Prussia, the new sovereign of the place, stood in the midst, "looking very uncomfortable."

Hitler hated Aachen because it was too closely allied with foreign interests. A hundred years of Prussian rule had

failed to eradicate traces of a thousand-year alliance, cultural and commercial, with France and the Lowlands. Aachen's trade with near-by Holland and Belgium was always greater than that with Germany. During Belgian occupation between 1918 and 1928, Aachen was the seat of a movement which demanded separation of the Rhineland from Prussia. Hitler has never forgotten this attempt at sedition. During all his 20-odd years of speechmaking, he has never mentioned the name of the city which so displeased him, whose roster of illustrious family names included many like Vecqueray, Letailleur, Grandjean, and Toussaint; a city whose list of prelates and monsignori was as impressive as the great number of its churches, 48 in all; a city whose people speak a strange singsong patois of their own, richly interspersed with French.

Hitler well remembered that Aachen's oldest and largest newspaper, the *Echo*, printed special editions for the Dutch and Belgian provinces of Limburg, supported the Centrum party, and fought the local nazi faction to the very last. His first act of revenge, in 1933, was the abolition of the *Echo*, and the entire Catholic press. The *Observer*, a new nazi sheet, was forced upon the people. Then Hitler loosed a ruthless war of chicanery and defamation against the clergy, the memory of Charlemagne, the city's patron saint, and many old and sacred traditions.

Aachen's two major holidays were Charlemagne's nameday and *Fronleichnam*, or Corpus Christi day. Hit-

ler dared not do away with them altogether, but he curtailed festivities to a minimum, and constantly reminded the populace that a new and more glorious leader had been hailed, and that the old and dead one ought to be forgotten. "In the New Germany," ranted the *Observer*, "there can be no thought of the memory of a German ruler who was the right hand of the Church, nor cooperation with a Church that is foreign and hostile to the conceptions of National Socialism."

Corpus Christi day, the outstanding event of the year, was renowned for its magnificent procession, in which every municipal and state employee, from the *oberbürgermeister* down to the street-cleaning department, participated. The streets through which the procession wound its way were literally carpets of blossoms, and not a window facing them was without a floral display, holy statue, or crucifix between burning candles. The papal colors, white and yellow, and Aachen's colors, black and yellow, greeted the eye from every house and post and rooftop, and the air was heavy with incense, the chanting of the faithful, and the pealing of countless church bells. High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop himself before an ornate altar on the huge *Katschhof*, the court between the cathedral and the city's administration building.

During my last visit to Aachen, in 1938, I witnessed a sorry replica of its once famous Corpus Christi procession. Nothing was left of its former glory but the memory. No state nor

city employees were allowed to march. No Masses were to be read on the way except a brief one at the finish. The altar had to be dismantled within one hour after the ceremony. Only swastikas could be displayed in the bunting. The entire parade had to be off the streets within two hours from its start, the pavements cleaned of flowers, and windows of exhibitions. Naturally, the mayor, now a nazi, as well as the entire city council, was absent. Storm troopers flanked the sidewalks and sneered at the Eucharist under the canopy. I saw tears of shame and bitter rage in the eyes of many a devout citizen. To draw away spectators, the nazis were holding a demonstration of their own at exactly the same time, and demanding the presence of all officeholders at this counterfunction.

The specter of fear and coercion hung heavily over Aachen then. I remembered it as a free and happy city where the sight of people genuflecting before a priest on his way to administer the last sacraments was as common as that of groups returning, singing and bewreathed, from the woods. Aachen's once gay and carefree burghers, when I saw them last, had a sullen, haunted look about them. They would glance furtively over their shoulders before speaking, and then would whisper. Priests were no longer preceded by acolytes when carrying the *Sanctissimum*, and Hitler youths had written *Down with the Pope* on the seminary walls. The exhibition of the Cathedral's holy relics, which always drew a multitude from all over the border-

land each seven years, was no longer permitted. The famous minster houses, among many treasures, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, the vestment of the Virgin Mary, and the loin cloth of John the Baptist. Affection for such alien Christian remnants, observed the *Observer*, was intolerable in Hitler's Germany.

Much of this reflected Hitler's fury at what he deemed an insult. Aachen had been included in the itinerary of a speaking tour he made late in 1932. His local handful of followers had tried frantically to prepare a cordial reception, but the citizens of Aachen were little interested in this new beer-hall lecturer. Only his adherents cared to hear and see him, and no locality, not even the dance hall of a lowly café, was available. The man who became German chancellor a few months later was forced to speak to his few believers in a soccer field at the foot of Crucifixion Hill near Haaren, near the outskirts of the city. He spoke to them only briefly from his open car. It rained steadily that day.

Hitler has not forgotten this humiliation. During his many triumphant tours as head of the Reich, he persistently avoided Aachen. He sent Goering there on an official visit in 1933. In 1938, I remember, the *Observer* advised those who wanted to see their

Führer to travel to Cologne, through which he passed one day in June. Even during the building of the Westwall, Hitler eschewed Aachen proper. When on inspection trips, he rested in neighboring towns or villages.

Aachen was not a natural fortress. It had no man-built forts like Liège or Metz or Belfort. It dominated no heights nor waterways. It is situated on the bottom of a kettle, so to speak, surrounded on three sides by densely wooded ridges. It was almost completely encircled by American troops. They were near Stolberg, and in Roetgen, Eupen and Herzogenrath. Liège and the rail line to Antwerp were in Allied hands. Only a very narrow corridor of escape remained for the small garrison. It was given a chance to surrender and save the city from destruction, but Hitler had ordered his men to stand or die with Aachen. They stood until it died about them, then surrendered.

Aachen is dead today. Two thousand years old, once the capital of a Christian empire, it died by orders of Adolf Hitler, a pagan. As if by a miracle, though, its oldest and most significant structure still stands undamaged. It is the Chapel of the Virgin Mary, the very symbol of the alliance between Charlemagne and Christendom against the heathen Teutons.



A lady walking along a London street was startled by a loud clap of thunder. But a passing urchin assured her: "It's all right, lady. That isn't Hitler, it's God."

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (30 Dec. '44).

Shot at Dawn

By A. W. O'BRIEN

Condensed from *Mother of Perpetual Help**

Death is the way home

Both the author and the editor of the magazine from which this story is condensed say that it is "substantially true," with names of persons and places altered to conform with censorship regulations. Mr. O'Brien is a staff war correspondent of the *Montreal Standard*.

From the north sounded the hoarse thunder of German assault guns pounding at Canadian troops below Bergen Op Zoom. Silent as a shadow, the sniper in khaki made his way along a narrow trail through dense woods above the battered village of Woensdrecht.

It was a 100-to-1 shot against his completing his mission at the German battalion headquarters beyond the woods, but the dripping forest was his friend. The stealth, physical endurance, and woodcraft lore accumulated in far-north Quebec was, he confidently felt, as good for outwitting Germans as fooling the fleet, cautious creatures of the wilderness. Because of his deadly skill with a rifle, they had made him a sniper. Pvt. Murphy Lafontaine, son of a French-Canadian trapper and an Irish mother, was well equipped for his supreme hunting trip.

The trail he was following had been perfectly described, together with the "danger spots," by the Woensdrecht storekeeper who had stolen through the German lines. A good type of Hollander with a deep hatred of all things

nazi, he brought in information that had aroused considerable interest among the intelligence officers, Canadian and British, at the grimly contested Schelde-beachhead battle. It identified the German commanding officer as one Karl Schmidt, an expert on the difficult Netherlands terrain. Furthermore, the storekeeper's information, gleaned through supplying Schmidt with sundry food supplies at a certain command post, told of the commander's habit of rising at four A.M. and going to the post, where he was usually alone with a single sentry until six.

The intelligence officers concluded it would be well worth the gamble to send a volunteer sniper to kill off the expert. The command post was too well sheltered and camouflaged for effective air action, and an army force would be detected. Private Lafontaine volunteered, and spent long hours listening to intimate details of the countryside.

Abruptly, he froze in his tracks. Faint sounds from his left registered on his sensitive ears. They weren't the sounds of breaking twigs, but rather of men's bodies brushing against trees. Lafontaine swung his Sten gun into readiness and gingerly shoved aside some shrubbery. There was an open glade about 25 yards away and through squinting eyes he distinguished figures

*1555 Basin St., Montreal 3, P. Q., Canada. December, 1944.

moving north against the cover of the trees. Silently, he muttered, "They must be a British patrol; there are no Canadians out this far tonight—Oh-h-h!"

It took a mighty effort to restrain a warning yell: there was a movement in the bushes at the north end of the glade; the Germans had spotted the patrol!

On the very tail of the thought came the unmistakable chatter of a German Schmeisser machine gun, then another, and another! Overhead there was the swishing sound of a mortar bomb followed by many more, crumping a short piece to the rear. The patrol was cut off. Lafontaine could see some dropping while others were fighting it out. Poor guys, he would like to help them. But he had a job to do and it would be hard going from here. The Fritzies would be running wild all over the bush searching for members of the patrol who got away.

Throwing caution to the winds, Lafontaine turned west and moved swiftly on a long detour. What seemed ages later, he halted at a creek and spread out full length, drinking deeply of cold, clear water. Rising, he grimaced in the darkness as some of the cocoa and linseed-oil stain on his face ran into his mouth. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a chocolate bar and bit off a good piece. His luminous watch told him he was behind schedule, but his compass had brought him back on the little trail. It was 4:45 A.M.; he should have arrived here 50 minutes ago. The German command post

should be just beyond the clump of trees near a demolished stone house directly between the creek and the trail. The plan had been to fire from here when the German came in sight, but now he would be down in his bombproof post with the sentry standing at the entrance.

Lafontaine shrugged: *C'est la guerre*; the skirmish had delayed him. He had the choice of lying doggo for 24 hours and awaiting a sniping opportunity, or of stalking the sentry and then going in after the commander. Again he shrugged; he had no choice. It would be dangerous to hide out because the Germans might deduce the British patrol had been aimed for the command post and not only search the area with a fine-tooth comb but also increase the guard.

Lafontaine put aside his Sten and stripped himself of all equipment except a knife and revolver, which he tucked into a deep pocket.

Circling the clump of trees was a tedious business, but he couldn't risk crossing in the open. Ah! There it was at last, the entrance to the shelter. Anxiously he glanced at the sky, now streaked with dawn in the East. Where was the sentry?

At the left of the entrance a shadow moved across a big rock. "Lucky for me," thought Lafontaine, "that I played it safe. That is the sentry and I would never have spotted him unless he moved."

It was 5:22 when he had finally crept into a break in the stone house's wall. In 38 minutes, or a few minutes

before, the new sentry would be here with, perhaps, a couple of officers.

Clutching the knife in his right hand, he tossed a small stone over the sentry's head. The German wheeled and stared into the trees, bringing up his rifle slowly. He never knew what hit him; in one rapid movement a mighty arm circled his neck and throttled him. A knife blade plunged unerringly into his back, once, twice. He collapsed with a low moan in his attacker's arms.

Noiselessly, Lafontaine laid the dead sentry beside the stone and slipped to the command-post door, revolver in hand. There must be no mistake now. Rapping twice, he barked: "*Ist der Herr Schmidt da?*"

Instantly and sharply from inside came the answer: "*Ja, der Schmidt ist hier.*"

Opening the latch with his left hand, Lafontaine kicked the door and sprang inside.

Schmidt was at a desk. He wheeled at the crash behind him. Lafontaine spoke deliberately, "Freeze where you are; not the slightest move." He closed the door behind him. "Stand up and walk slowly to the center of the room with hands high. I know you understand English and talk it as an Oxford graduate should."

Schmidt rose slowly. For a fleeting second he seemed to ponder his chances of reaching the gun belt at the back of his chair. But the narrow mouth of the khaki-clad man's revolver was unwaveringly pointed at his head.

At the center of the floor, Lafontaine cautiously patted the German's pockets. Then he stepped back, an odd look on his face.

"What's the matter, private?" smiled Schmidt unexpectedly. "Are you finding it difficult to kill an unarmed man?"

Lafontaine didn't answer.

"I know your type; as you are seemingly aware, I lived in England and . . ." he moved his head sideways to study the soldier's shoulder badges, "Canada. I had an office in Montreal for two years."

"Shut up," cut in Lafontaine. "You are trying to stall for a half hour until the next sentry comes. I'm sorry to kill you in cold blood, but it's too risky to try bringing you back a prisoner. My orders are not to attempt it; to kill you. Sit down where you are, I'm giving you three minutes to pray."

The German commander, his face ashen, sat down and lifted his eyes to the ceiling.

"It is no use," Lafontaine said quietly, "this place is bombproof and even a yell wouldn't carry far. Your sentry is dead and, anyway, before anybody could get the door open you'd die. I'd like to give you a fighting chance but even that has been covered in my instructions. War is a rotten business but it must be treated as a business. Pray, *Herr Schmidt*, time is running short."

The German smiled wanly. "You are a Catholic?"

"I am. But don't try reaching for your rosary or anything like that. I am sorry."

"No, I wouldn't attempt anything so corny, I believe you call it? Well, I should say I used to be a Catholic here in Germany. Lately I have thought of what would happen if I died. I wondered if I would get a chance to say a prayer before it happened."

Lafontaine stared for a moment before speaking. "German or not, you must have done a lot of good sometime. So you are one of the fortunate ones. Shall I say an act of contrition for you?"

"No, thank you. That I remember, and have often said. But, as man to man, what do you think it will be like across the border?"

Lafontaine studied the commander closely, and in a kindly tone replied, "My mother was Irish and I always remember her reciting a little verse as we knelt crying beside her deathbed. It went like this: 'Think of stepping on a shore and finding it heaven; think of grasping a hand and finding it is God's; think of breathing new air and

finding it is celestial; think of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality; think of passing from storm and tempest to an unknown calm; think of waking, and finding you are home.'"

Schmidt was gazing intently at the Canadian as he finished. "It's beautiful, the most beautiful thing I have ever heard, and," he added whimsically, "I suppose it's the most beautiful thing I'll ever hear. Thank you, Canada."

Lafontaine leaned forward: "It is dawn now, dawn of a wonderful new life, sir." His voice dropped to a soft whisper, "Now you can say your act of contrition."

Slowly, the German made the sign of the cross and bowed his head. His lips were moving soundlessly as the sniper's revolver cracked sharply, three times in rapid succession!

At the door, Pvt. Murphy Lafontaine looked back at the man he had killed, "May your soul rest in peace—I believe it will."



We have a hunch that the hero of *Mein Kampf* isn't going to live happily ever after.

Women who spend all their time shopping for something new are usually worn out themselves.

We don't know why they call them Turkish towels, except that they come in when the fight's about over.

An unfinished sentence is often followed by a dash. Likewise people who leave before Mass is over.

Churchgoers whose knees are bent seldom need straightening out.

It takes an expert to analyze soil, but modern readers think they're qualified to pry into literary dirt.

Yes, and people who stumble in at two A.M. seldom trip over children's toys.

People looking for something soft in ten years should feather their nests with war bonds.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwestern Courier*.

The Pillar of World Unity

By FULTON J. SHEEN

Condensed chapter of a book*

The basic principle of the international order is: The world is one because it was made by one Lord and is governed by His moral law.

All men are one because God made man. Paul, a Jew, standing on the hill of the Areopagus, declared this great truth to the senators of Greece: "It is God who has made, of one single stock, all the nations that were to dwell over the whole face of the earth."[†] And then, as if to remind them that this was not the teaching of his people alone, he quoted for them Aratus and Cleathus, saying: "Some of your own poets have told us, for indeed, we are His children."[†]

The world became united only in those periods of history in which men recognized the overlordship of God. Because the pagan, Cyrus, recognized that he was but an instrument in the hands of the God of Israel, he could bring himself to respect the rights of a conquered people and order their Temple at Jerusalem rebuilt for them. Alexander the Great is quoted by Plutarch as saying: "God is the common Father of all men." No wonder he ordered that every city and state open its gates to exiled opponents and that his own officers should take brides from among the conquered. And who shall forget Cicero's words that "the uni-

verse is to be regarded as a single commonwealth, since all are subject to the heavenly law and divine intelligence of almighty God."

Dim aspirations of pre-Christian times feebly echoed the Hebrew truth that God "shall be called the God of the whole earth." All were but dim foreshadowings of the day when the entire world would be enrolled, when the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords should be born, Creator of all men, Redeemer who made all men one because of all men. How much wiser the pre-Christian pagan was than our post-Christian pagan! Do we think we can build one world on any other foundation? To unite men there must be something outside men, just as to tie up a bundle of sticks there must be someone outside the sticks. A moral law outside of nations to which all can appeal, and to which they must submit even when the decision goes against them, is the only condition of world peace. That is why we say there will never be one world until we all learn to pray, "Our Father, Who art in heaven."

The only alternative is to have many worlds and many lords, where each nation is its own law, its own god. Like the workers on the tower of Babel, each will speak a different language and live by a different code. Having

*Seven Pillars of Peace. 1944. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. 112 pp. \$1.75.

naught in common, the project of world peace must, like the tower, be abandoned. In that case, there would be no way to decide whether Japanese atrocities were wrong and American humanitarianism right, except by a war in which might decides what is right. To all who have eyes it should be as clear as the stones in the road that the day we make a godless world we make also a loveless world.

There were 4,568 treaties of peace signed before the League of Nations between the two world wars, and 211 in the nine months before this war broke out. Only a small fraction were kept. What great change in the heart of man has taken place since 1939 to make us believe that treaties and pledges will now be kept? Let us be realistic. Why should any treaty be kept under the present setup? What is the source of their obligation? Is the obligation rooted in God and conscience, or in convenience, strategy or force? It is either right or might. No treaty creates its own obligation. Obligation is outside the treaty, or else there is no obligation. Either an obligation does not exist or its basis is force.

The moral principle that one world demands one law breaks immediately with the commonly accepted principle that (because no city in the world is more than 60 hours from an airport) the world is one. It should be obvious to anyone who has seen two world wars in 21 years that rapid communications have the same potentialities for destruction as for unity. An airplane is indifferent to its cargo. Unity depends

therefore not on communications but on the purpose for which communications are used. We must gather together the hearts of all those who are magnanimous and upright in a solemn vow not to rest until in all peoples and all nations of the earth a vast legion shall be formed, bent on bringing society back to its center of gravity, which is the law of God.

What are some corollaries of the moral law as applied to the international order? The moral law as applied to the world must provide a new international order, positive, juridical, realistic, single in purpose, and uncompromising.

The unity of nations for the defeat of barbarism must not be grounded on common hatred of an aggressor but on acceptance of common moral principles. Military unity does not necessarily mean political unity. Gratitude for military cooperation does not oblige us to go into ecstasies about the political ideology of any foreign power. Firemen who put out the fire render a negative help, but they never help rebuild your home. In like manner, it is not defeat of a particular barbarism which makes us true allies, but rather the agreement that peace can be built only on the foundation of the moral order, with the stones of justice and the cement of love.

Moral law forbids any nation to satisfy selfish ambitions or imperialistic aims by violating the sovereignty of others, independently of judicial process, and before the court convenes. Therefore, no signatory of a peace

declaration may settle international questions unilaterally. Justice becomes farce if a thief can say, "I will permit you to hear my case only on condition that I keep my loot."

Moral law realistically affirms that no one can give what he has not. Therefore, any nation which does not give freedom of religion, speech, and press to its own, can hardly be counted on, in a society of nations, to give to other peoples those same rights.

Moral law admits of no double standard. Nonbelligerency is right in certain circumstances, but it is wrong when purchased at the cost of morality. No one more strongly condemned appeasement of the powers violating the sovereignty of other nations than Marshal Stalin, who said to England and America in 1939: "England and America let Germany have Austria, despite the undertaking to defend her independence; they let her have the Sudeten territory; they abandoned Czechoslovakia to her fate, thereby violating all her obligations. Far be it from me to moralize on the policy of nonintervention, to talk of treason, treachery, and so on. It would be naive to preach morals to people who recognize no human morality." Stalin here hailed America and England before the bar of justice. Would it not be equally wrong now to appease another foreign power repeating the same wrongs? The morality is not decided by who violates, but by what is violated. Would it not be wrong for us to invade Canada on the basis of mutual-assistance pacts and incorporate it with

us? Was it not wrong for Germany to overrun and annex Czechoslovakia? Then what makes it right when another power does it?

Moral integrity of a nation depends on fidelity to pledges. The Atlantic Charter pledged: 1. no aggrandizement, territorial or other; 2. no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned; 3. all nations of the world must abandon use of force.

No other joint declaration was ever so specific nor did any other so unify men of good will. If America sacrifices that charter for any temporary benefit or appeasement, it will not regain the good will of the people within a generation. It is therefore a shock to read this editorial in a metropolitan newspaper: "We must find out what Russia wants in payment for her fight, and we must be realistic about it. If Russia wants, as is now supposed, something like the old Russian czarist boundaries, including Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, and a large chunk of Poland, we had better concede to her wishes, rather than stick to the Atlantic Charter." Another metropolitan newspaper states that "if Russia wants Poland, it is far better to give up Poland than to offend Russia." By the same logic, why not give up the Philippines rather than offend Japan? Why, in other words, is Russia right in doing the very same thing which Stalin said was wrong when Hitler invaded Austria, the Sudetenland, and Czechoslovakia?

Herein lies America's greatest dan-

ger: paralysis of spirit, refusal to stand up for the right regardless of consequences. We will never be conquered from without; no one can conquer us but ourselves.

As Lincoln said: "At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reaches us it must spring from amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. As a nation of free men, we must live through all times or die by suicide."

We have had political expressions of the moral law in the Atlantic Charter, in the Four Freedoms, and in the magnificent words of the U. S. State Department.

Because Americans generally accept the moral and religious basis of an international order, they are embarrassed by attacks on religion. During the 19th century, religion and politics established a kind of *modus vivendi*, or tacit agreement not to interfere in the other's domain. It was an arrangement like unto a husband and wife who lived peaceably so long as the husband stayed out of the kitchen. But while religion was staying in the parlor, irreligion, the next-door neighbor, came in and stole the political wife.

This is, therefore, more a religious war than a nationalistic war, a conflict between two totally different philosophies of life. Never before in the history of Christianity have the causes of God and man, of religion and freedom, been as nearly identical as at this very hour.

There is not much point in reminding enemies of religion that religion

and politics are separate, because to them politics is religion in the sense that politics is antireligious, and admits of no other law or code or morality than itself.

There is nothing new in this world. There are only the same old things happening to new people. Hence, whenever I read of attacks launched against religion, I remember that they happened before.

If I hear the Church opposes freedom and that there can be no peace until religion is crushed, I think of the day that the Son of the Most High was answering the same charges. "We have found this Man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, and saying that He is Christ the King."

Then when I hear the enemies of religion say the Church is hated, in Belgium, France, Italy, Holland, Great Britain, and the U.S., I remember how well our Lord foretold this day. Now, like its Master, the Church is caught between two political fires. Conscience has always been defenseless before power, and Justice made ridiculous before imperial impulses.

How shall we know whether the world will make a peace grounded on the moral law? By what test shall we recognize it? The test is Poland. Poland is a cameo, not a piece in the mosaic of nations. Poland is not an aspect of the international problem; it is the problem in miniature. Whatever happens to Poland will happen to the world. If we fail to sustain the moral law in this test, then, since there is a

God, we may expect this war to be followed by a third world war.

Our hope for the reign of the moral law must be in prayer. Pray for the world, the Church, for her enemies. What happens between you and God when you are on your knees is of vital significance for the world. Pray for Russia! Ever since 1929 all priests all over the world and all the Catholics at

daily Mass say the prayers at the end of low Mass for the conversion of Russia. Dostoevski foretold of his own country that after it had passed through a diabolical anti-God stage it would sit at the feet of Christ and learn His Gospel. To the dawn of that day our eyes expectantly look wherein nations can live in one world because there is one moral law and one Lord.



Mary Lou and Me

By DONALD M. MORIARTY

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor**

Meet a copacetic chick

Gee, I felt like a sad sack as I was anklng over to the junior hop, and what guy wouldn't? After counting for weeks on being Dolly Dimple's one and only, here I finds myself tied up with Mary Lou White. After all, Dolly's the most solid super chick in these parts, she's really a hep doll, that's why they call her Dolly, plenty smooth. Of course Mary Lou is all right in her own way, but with us gents she was classified as being strictly from hunger. She was an ickee, a square, if you know what I mean.

Well, as I was saying, Dolly and I had everything lined up for the Lindy, when at the last moment who should turn up but her cousin, and I find myself calling Mary Lou, 'cause she's about the only one left at this 11th

hour. And what a bringdown that was.

And when I called for her, does she greet me with a "Hi Jackson!" or, "Greetings, Gate"? No, siree. She simply says, "It was nice of you to call." Like I was sayin', she is strickly from corn, meaning unhep, ungroovey.

And on the way over to the dance, me driving, and she sitting there, looking pretty and nice, I'll admit, what do we talk about? Tommy Tinhorn's latest recording of *Swing Boogy Boy* or the latest dance step where I swing the chick around my neck three times and then toss her across the floor so she lights on her conk? Oh no, not Mary Lou and me. She told me about the theorem we had in geometry class yesterday. It caused me no end of trouble

*Huntington, Ind. Jan. 14, 1945.

and darn if she didn't get me right on it in five minutes.

But you can't squirm, or dance, as Mary Lou calls it, with a geometry theorem, so with doubt in my heart I turned to Mary Lou and said meekly, "Maybe we should dance." The nickel-odeon, a mellow little stash, was blowing out a super arrangement of Tommy Tinho's *Beat Me Daddy With a Rickey Washboard*. I was in agony, because I didn't want to be seen on the floor with a square. But she accepts, and we swung out. Plenty righteous, I'd say. Nothing super, but she was light as a feather as she glided across the floor in my arms. When the music stopped it dawned on me that for the first time in months, I had finished a dance and wasn't nearly beat to my sox. It was a new riff, and I liked it.

And so the evening went, me dancing most every dance with Mary Lou. I was liking each one more and more, and before the evening was over I had her classed as not only solid but copacetic. A good many of the other cats seemed to feel likewise, for they kept

cutting in. But never once did I cut out.

Why, even on the way home she asked me if I ever saw the moon reflect on people's eyes. She said she could see it in mine, and sure enough I could see the moon reflect in her peepers, too. I allowed to myself that while I hadn't dug it before, Mary Lou was a slick chick—er, I meant to say, a pretty girl.

While I was dreaming on home after leaving Mary Lou, I got to thinking about something I heard my dad crack a long time ago. I don't remember just how it went, but it was something about there being many an "unpolished gem in the world." While it didn't mean much to me then, I felt that I knew what he meant, 'cause I had found one tonight. With a little polishing she will be a swell cookie. On second thought though, maybe it will be she who does the polishing on me!

Anyway, cats, at the junior-senior prom next week it's Mary Lou and me. I guess I'm brought down at last to being a square character. But boys, she's solid!



Someone at Camp Upton, N. Y., was surreptitiously passing around anti-Catholic literature. It would be found under a stone on the steps of the officer's quarters or thrown some place where a G. I. would likely pick it up. This was old stuff to the Catholic chaplain on the post, and rather than complain he said nothing. But not so the Protestant chaplain, John Watson, Baptist, from New Hampshire by way of Scotland.

Chaplain Watson said, "That isn't right." He approached the Military Intelligence and insisted vigorously that the circulation of such religious lies be stopped. Within a week the anti-Catholic literature campaign at the camp was a matter of history.

Chaplain Maurice Fitzgerald, C.P.S., in a letter.

Catholics in American Politics

An English appraisal

Condensed from the London *Tablet**

Catholic population statistics for the U.S. are inaccurate for two reasons: first, no question about religion has ever been asked in a national census; second, you cannot measure internal conviction. What is certain is that American Catholics represent the wealthiest Catholic laity in the world. Because they live in a country predominately Protestant, which is full of people who have forsaken doctrinal Protestantism while retaining their forbears' antipathy for Catholicism, American Catholics cannot afford the luxury of such a critical anticlericalism as exists in some countries where no other religion is a factor. The 130 Bishops control everything, including most of the Catholic press, and, for so large an episcopate, have achieved an efficient organization through the National Catholic Welfare Conference. No Catholic body in the world either commands such material resources, or can collect them so easily, or does more building, not all of it in the U. S. Vatican City itself owes more than one recent building to the generosity of American Catholics.

And yet, all this interior unity and efficiency of organization exists side by side with the fact, continually a puzzle to Catholics from other countries, that American politicians of both great parties seldom seem anxious about the Catholic vote, although, for example,

patently anxious about the Jewish vote. The simplest answer is that American Catholics neither vote as Catholics nor think politically as Catholics. They are instinctively aware of being a minority round whose name many historic and atavistic memories cling. The U.S. has more than once given birth to ugly anti-Catholic movements, like the Ku Klux Klan. In a country proud of its tolerance, anti-Catholic prejudice is so strong that not one of the 32 presidents has ever been a Catholic. When the late Governor Smith was nominated as Democratic candidate, his religion prevented his election.

In 1944, Mr. Roosevelt is elected. What is the Catholic reaction? Did Catholics as a whole want either candidate rather than the other? Over a country so vast it is difficult to think one knows the answers. But one can gather indications. Thus one observes that no sustained effort was made by either party to capture the Catholic vote: it was pretty much taken for granted that over the country as a whole there is no such thing. The Church does not make much impact on the consciousness of Americans save as a religious and charitable institution.

This is partly because no Catholic writer writing as a Catholic is widely known to the reading public. There are no Catholics writing for the secular

*12 Queen Victoria St., Reading, England. Dec. 16, 1944.

press with anything like the power and prestige of Belloc and Chesterton to apply Catholic principles to the interpretation of public affairs.

This public unawareness of a specifically Catholic appraisal of the general, and especially the political, life of the nation fits in with the American assumption that religion as such is a matter between the individual soul and God, which does not enter into public life. The American may occasionally, as in the election of 1928, be stampeded into a sudden terror of Rome; but normally he assumes that as far as public office is concerned one religion will do as well as another, and he makes the mistake of assuming that other nations are as little sensitive to religion as his own. Thus, the American government, providing for the administration of liberated Italy, saw the fitness of sending an American of Italian blood and name; but it obviously never occurred to them that there was any point in sending a Catholic. Americans do not worry about such things. Why should the Italians? This same insensitiveness explains the consistency with which the U.S. entrusts the handling of its relations with the countries of Latin America to Baptists or Methodists and overlooks the initial advantage that a Catholic would have in a Catholic country.

The American public does not regard Catholic opinion as a factor in national elections, save in this or that locality where special circumstances may make it so. Similarly, the party leaders by and large ignore Catholic opinion.

Twenty-four million is quite a lot of Catholics. But the vast number of nationalities makes it almost impossible for the Catholics to act or even think as one whole. This may change for the better with the passage of time, but it is still true that the Irish lawyer in Boston has very little, except the faith, in common with the German farmer in Iowa or the Italian restaurant-keeper in Orange, N. J.; and the differences between these are as nothing to the great gulf separating all from the Polish Catholics, with their own schools conducted in their own language and their steady determination to marry one another. And these are only the four main national divisions in a Catholic body which contains also Lithuanians, Hungarians, Bohemians, and at least three different kinds of French; to say nothing of Spaniards and Portuguese in the Southwest.

A religious body so sectionalized would require tremendous unifying forces to make it capable of acting and reacting as one thing. And, outside the sphere of dogma and sacraments, it is hard to find such unifying forces. True, the NCWC is a unifying board, which produces a general uniformity in the diocesan-owned newspapers, but there is no Catholic newspaper read all over the nation. The Catholic weeklies have circulations which would be considered small in England, and which in a country with five or six times as many Catholics as England are relatively microscopic. And just as there is no nationally read organ of opinion, so there is no one voice that all Catholics

hear, no one comparable to Cardinal Hinsley in England, Archbishop Mannix in Australia, or, for that matter, to the great Cardinal Gibbons who once reigned in Baltimore.

In home affairs most Catholic discussion concerns increasing federal control of government, and increasing government control of life. Upon both these points Catholics incline to be nervous, but the general feeling seems to be that some advance is inevitable in both, and that there is nothing to do save try to prevent these two controls from growing to a point where freedom would be seriously menaced. Yet in America, as elsewhere, Catholics are in two camps. One sort of Catholic is so concerned with human suffering that he will risk interference with personal freedom in order that it may be alleviated; the other sort feels that if personal freedom goes, all goes. But whether Roosevelt or the *Chicago Tribune* represents the greater danger to either camp, the Catholics are not agreed.

Americans in general are not deeply interested in world affairs; and one gets the impression that the Catholic Americans are, if anything, slightly

less interested than their fellows. But with all this inclination to take a detached view of the rest of the world, there is an increasing feeling that Russia cannot be overlooked. This is not simply the feeling of Catholics towards an officially atheist country. Americans generally are much more critical of Russia than English people generally.

In a general way it may be said that Americans admire the courage and tenacity of the English, but credit English leaders with diabolic cleverness and no great scrupulousness. Catholics are not behind the rest of Americans in their suspicion that England's leaders do not always mean what they say. It is taken for granted in all American discussion that in the last war England gave conflicting promises to the Jews and the Arabs. It is equally taken for granted that England has no intention whatever of carrying out her promise of self-government to India.

What seems to be lacking among American Catholics is any consciousness of what the decline of Europe and the rise of Asia must mean for all human values. The trouble is that they have forgotten what Europe stands for.

The part of Poland which Russia wishes to annex embraces 77,606 square miles, or 51.6% of Poland's territory. It is 100 times smaller than Russia's territory, but larger than the joint territories of the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, and Hungary. Its population numbers 13,199,000, or more than the entire population of the Argentine Republic. Its area embraces 42% of Poland's arable land, and 62% of Poland's pasturage land and meadows.

From the *Centinel* (Jan. '45).

Television

By ORLANDO ALOYSIUS BATTISTA

The world at your elbow

The year is 1950, or thereabouts, and the scene is the average American living room. Dinner is over; father is resting comfortably; mother is helping the children with their lessons. In one corner of the room the radio is playing delightful Strauss waltzes. No one is paying any attention to the box on the radio cabinet.

This box is the television screen which was part of the family's postwar radio investment, but it is not in use at the moment because regular television broadcasts do not start until eight. The screen is about 20 inches square and it looks much like a frosted window-pane, except that it is curved so that it may be viewed from any angle. Sharply at eight, little Richard pushes the telecast button in, and looks over at his father.

"What's on, tonight?" his father asks.

"There's a technicolor movie from Hollywood, or a visit to the New York Museum of Natural History, or an illustrated lecture course on chemistry from the University, and the telecast I like best, *The Roaming Ranger*."

This glimpse of a postwar television set in an American home in 1950 has every probability of coming true. Television tops the list of the innumerable after-victory developments because the progress in its perfection has been remarkable. It will undoubtedly grow

into a \$1-billion industry which will provide employment for hundreds of thousands of persons.

The development of television has been tough. For a while some believed it would always remain a dream. Sending music and voices by the invisible rays of radio was a tremendous accomplishment, but transmitting moving pictures without the use of wires looked like an insoluble problem. And even if it were solved, it would probably never be practical for use in a wage-earner's home. Many reasoned thus a few years ago.

Well, I have seen telecasts, and talked with physicists and other scientists who have made television their life-work. Television is no longer a dream; it is here. And when conditions permit, we will be amazed at the number of "impossibles" which have been licked and the almost unlimited fields which television will open up.

For example, authoritative estimates are that by 1950, telecasting will be available in well over 100 of America's largest cities; that some 15 million sets have been earmarked for American purchasers alone; and that the costs of these sets will be unbelievably low. Table models will likely run around \$150, and a de-luxe radio-phonograph-television combination might run to \$600 or \$700. The cost will, of course, vary with the size of the screen desired,

and the number of tubes in the set. A standard set will have about 28 tubes for television purposes alone.

An experimental television broadcast which I saw before the war was disappointing in one respect. The screen had a greenish cast, which affected the clarity of the pictures, and forced me to watch the telecast with my eyes on edge. But this and other obstacles have been hurdled since then, and it is now possible to pick up very clear black-and-white pictures on the improved television screens.

A look at how television works is fascinating. It all has to do with the same principles which seem to give electric eyes their brand of "intelligence." Light, when allowed to fall on certain metals, can produce an effect which results in the formation of an electric current. This electric current can be harnessed to do any number of practical things, from opening a door as you approach it to turning on the water fountain as you bend over for a drink. By means of electric eyes, the smallest differences in shade may be picked out, and television consists in using these ingenious devices in the radio transmission of pictures. The pictures painted on a television screen are produced by streams of invisible rays of electricity. These electrical bullets strike the screen at the top, and move back and forth across it just like a typewriter filling up a sheet of paper with type. Depending on the force with which the electrons, as they are called, reach the screen, a light or dark shade is produced. And the shades are an ex-

act reproduction of the original scene which is being telecast, just as the voice of your favorite announcer coming from the loudspeaker is the same as his natural voice.

The Federal Communications Commission has all of the latest information on television under advisement, and will be responsible for the final decisions made as to the details of post-war telecasting. For example, one of two types of screens must be decided upon. A screen containing 525 lines has been perfected, but a 1,000-line screen, which is not fully perfected, will provide much clearer telecasting programs. If the 525-line screen is approved to begin with, then when the 1,000-line sets appear on the market, the first models will soon go out of date.

Telecasting will not be a round-the-clock service. Rather, the programs will be planned for the times of the day or night when a large enough audience may be interested. Unlike a radio, which you may listen to while you are working or reading, to get anything out of your television set you will have to look at it.

On-the-spot broadcasts at any time of the day or night may be anticipated, and if a riot occurs in Greece or another king of England is enthroned, every detail will be brought to you in your parlor. Following the World Series, or watching a Rose Bowl game from a comfortable studio couch ought to be delightful. It is also predicted that universities will give extension courses by television, and doctors will be able to look on as important operations are

performed in distant cities. And think what fun it will be to have Congress hold its sessions in your living room. Or would that be fun?

In any case, television is around the corner of V-day, and it is bringing a lot of other things with it. Some of these may be very good, and others may be quite undesirable.

By bringing the world, the men and women who make or break it, within the personal view of each individual, television is bound to influence our lives and our way of living and thinking. It will help spread knowledge in great doses, and will provide a medium for the spread of good as well as bad morals and beliefs, on a scale the world has never known. As we sit back

and await the coming age of television, let us not be swept away by its many fanciful possibilities. It would be more in order for us to be alive to its harmful possibilities. As citizens, we must see to it that our legislators protect this future \$1-billion industry from becoming a fabulous tool of the evil forces intent on destroying civilization and the moral code. Television will have to be kept in line, just as the movies are, and perhaps even more so. And if we are properly prepared to guarantee this, then we may anticipate this latest achievement of science wholeheartedly, in the knowledge that it will mark another great milestone on our way to the achievement of a universal peaceful brotherhood of men.



Glad Hand Charlie

The road to the jungle village wasn't a road at all, but the bouldery bed of a stream. The heavy reconnaissance car carried as passenger Navy Lieut. Brian R. Ward, O.F.M. Cap., of Milwaukee, young Catholic chaplain with a Marine unit, who was making his first trip to a Melanesian village. He was to say Mass for the jungle-living parishioners.

He wondered how the natives would receive him. The villagers were devout Catholics. They had built a church. He'd heard that. He'd heard other things, too. But he is Irish, and his hair is red, so he went on.

When the "recon" snorted to a halt at the village, the colored natives converged noisily on him. They came from everywhere at once. A man stepped forward and introduced himself.

"I'm Charlie," he said in passable English. "I'm the assistant head man."

Charlie turned and held up his hand. The tumult ceased. Silently the natives lined up in orderly ranks. They faced the visitor. Their faces were solemn, even sinister, Father Ward thought.

The young priest braced himself.

Charlie looked from Father Ward to the villagers. Charlie raised both hands. "Now," he boomed, "all together!"

And the natives responded, in perfect unison: "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!"

The New World (26 Jan. '45).

Remembering 1944

Recollections in tranquillity

By HELEN C. CALIFANO

Condensed from the *Magnificat**

I remember one dark night, sharp with the chill of an approaching snow-fall. I was riding in an automobile with other members of my family through that narrow bottleneck in Philadelphia where the Delaware river and the Schuylkill meet. We were on our way home from a social evening that had proved even pleasanter than anticipated, and our thoughts were warm and conversation bright.

Because it was late, we made a short cut which took us through the locale of two great oil refineries beside the Schuylkill. The refineries work on a 24-hour basis, so the plants were lit up like a fantastic congregation of Christmas trees. It was a veritable fairyland, glimmering in the black world of the river front. The river reflected the picture and gave the spectacle double glory. Then we swung around a cluster of oil stills to cross a stretch of railroad tracks, and it was there I first saw the unforgettable.

For years these tracks had been used as mere sidings for freight. As long as I could remember, my efforts to cross them had never been challenged by the warning bell of a locomotive. But tonight the station bars were down and passenger coaches were filing by, an infinity of coaches moving with the stealth of a serpent and with the same portentful quiet. The coaches carried

American boys on their way to New Jersey and New York for embarkation.

The coach shades were all up; the trains looked like rectangular boxes filled with preserved sunshine, and in them thousands of khaki-clad figures moved and had their being. Some of the boys were still moving about in the aisles, some were smoking, standing in groups of three and four at the train exits; but for the most part they had retired for the night by the simple act of falling asleep where they sat. Everywhere heads bobbed precariously, legs stretched wearily. Boys and men from all parts of America were part of that swiftly moving exodus to countries overseas: saplings just out of high school, college boys, farmer lads, bank clerks, lawyers, young fathers and some not so young, the rich, the poor, the rebellious and the eager, the fearful and the courageous: they were all there. No fanfare marked their going, no waving banners nor the echo of a song. Just a heavy sense of grim duty in the process of fulfillment and of tired kids being spirited away to foreign lands to live with horror and to die.

The gladness that had so recently dwelt in our hearts gave way to sadness. We sat in the dark shelter of the automobile waiting in silence, each thinking of some special boy in uni-

*131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. January, 1945.

form and of life's sorrowful ways.

"Troop trains," said the station master, when eventually he raised the gates. Then as the car purred to within a few inches of his person, he added quietly, "I have four sons in the service and another one leaves tomorrow."

"May God bless them," I said with feeling.

"May God bless us everyone," he concluded.

I remember one day in early March. It had rained, a cold gloomy rain, for many hours, and the dreariness of it all had seeped through the walls of the house and into our beings. My older brother was living with us at the time. He had recently buried his oldest child, his son and namesake, and his heart was very sore. There had been other bereavements in his life, but none had wounded him like this. We had prevailed upon him to live with us until his grief would be somewhat softened. This gesture on the part of the family group was not an easy one, for our guest moved among us in an orbit of unapproachable pain. There was no balm in Gilead, of this he was sure, so he did not seek it either in his Church or from us who loved him. He held his grief within him like an infected sac that neither he nor others could reach to remove.

On this particular March day, despite the rain, he had betaken himself to the garden to construct a cold frame. His work was one of desperation, not one of love, for, though an ardent and successful gardener, his passion for the

soil, like everything else, had become temporarily sterile. And his performance was that of a man who, aware that he is in great danger, calculates, as best he knows how, measures for reducing the peril. While he worked out of doors, I did what I could to add cheer to the house. I built a fire in the living room, mixed a couple of loaves of gingerbread, set the dinner table with colorful linens and our richest china. For the workers of the family, I humbly plied the tasks of cook. It was 4:30 when my brother came in with no greater urge for food than that of a cup of tea.

"Would you like to go for a walk, Sis?" he suddenly asked.

There was wistfulness in his voice and a great weariness. It was the first sign he had given of his need for companionship. I seized upon the moment.

"Sure!" I exclaimed. I was excited but tried to appear just reasonably enthusiastic. "I love to walk in the rain."

So, clad in oils and galoshes, we set forth like two pilgrims in search of healing and peace. We walked up and down lovely avenues wet and shining and sweet with the fragrance of washed earth. Now and then we stopped to touch a spray of pussy willow or to admire a brave daffodil standing alone in a still unawakened garden. But gradually we got to the subject closest to our hearts, that of the dead boy. We told each other all that he had done and said during his fatal illness. We brought forth all the inevitable regrets heretofore unspoken. We pooled memories of his laughter, childish pranks,

and boyish love affairs. We tried to measure his dreams and his strength. We recalled the shy sweetness of his smile, and the way his voice went up the scale when he grew excited, the soft curves of his dreamy mouth. And we saw through a fine mist of tears the evening we had come upon him and his best girl of the moment, on bicycles, pedaling happily through a maze of terrifying traffic, each with a hand on the controls and the other in the clasp of the beloved.

The family had already gathered about the dinner table, not without misgiving, when finally we returned. Each in his turn made covert appraisal.

"Sorry to be late," my brother apologized. He opened his napkin with energy and approached the meal with interest. A flutter of relief winged its way about the board, yet had scarcely spent itself when he spoke again. "I have decided to return to work next week," he announced steadily. "I think that at last I shall be able to make it."

Then once more I saw the unforgettable. It was a quiet smile of gratitude and triumph that suddenly flamed from every face like human candelabra coming to life at the pull of a master switch, and which in essence resembled the joy of a physician who knows his patient is going to get well. After weeks of prayer, waiting, and united effort, the family group had come into its great reward. And though it was still raining, I felt like one who had witnessed a breath-taking sunrise.

I remember a radiant afternoon in

April inside our lovely parish church, and a friend at the door of a confessional. The friend, whom I shall call Mary, had been my house guest during a week which oddly enough had coincided with a mission that was being conducted at the church by the Missionary Fathers of the Precious Blood. I had planned to make the mission, and as a matter of course had asked my guest if she cared to be present at any of the discussions. Her background was Catholic, and as far as I knew, she herself was a good child of the Church. She accepted my invitation with alacrity and promptly became the driving force behind our numerous peregrinations to and from church. In one thing only, albeit the basic one, she failed; she never once approached the Communion rail.

The day before the mission was to close, I shyly suggested that she go to confession with me that evening so that the following Sunday morning would be truly complete.

"I can't," Mary said miserably. "I haven't been to confession since I was married. That was ten years ago. I don't know how it happened or why it happened," she went on, "but it did. And then when a couple of years had elapsed, I didn't have the courage to return."

I stared at her incredulously and with great pity. I knew better than most how much those ten years, to which she had just referred, had been filled with bewildering change and shadowed by disillusionment. And yet at a time when her Church should

have served her most, she had turned her back upon it and had walked alone.

"But you must start again sometime," I ventured, "and at what better moment than at the end of this week of meditation."

"If the Father to whom I make my confession were to reprove me or in any way hurt me," she said dully, "I should not be able to stand it, not the way I feel now." Again I was startled, but this time, my heart leaped like a wild thing with gladness, for unwittingly Mary had given me the advantage.

"If that is all that is troubling you, then there can be no question about your coming tonight," I explained excitedly. "Our pastor is one of the finest men I have ever known. He is humble, learned, saintly, and in every way the good shepherd. Please give him a chance."

"Well, I'll try it," she said slowly, "since you feel that way about him." But her voice implied doubt.

Hours later, at the church, I entered the confessional first, to make sure my pastor and no other was there to receive the penitents, for it was upon him that I had built all my hopes. As I slipped out, Mary went in. I waited on bended knees for her reappearance. Then all at once, for the third time, I saw the unforgettable. I saw a face at the confessional curtain shining like a copper lamp in the purple shadows of the aisle. All the gloom and bitterness had been washed away as so much grime from a windowpane, and the es-

sential light of God which had never really stopped burning was coming through. My friend had made her peace with her Creator and His Church. She approached me with the light grace of a doe.

"He is wonderful," she said, referring to the pastor. She was greatly moved, happy, grateful. "He talked to me as if I were as precious to the Church as its saints and martyrs. I shall pray for him always."

"I am so glad," I replied. I wanted so much to add, "Didn't I tell you so." But instead I offered a little prayer of thanksgiving. "Thank You, God, for everything," I murmured, and then, though I knew he couldn't possibly have heard it, I appended, "And thank you, too, dear Father McShain."

I remember one hot moist night last summer. The weather for many days preceding had been consistently torrid and enervating. That day I had gone to town and had been jostled and pushed around by thousands of perspiring people along streets shimmering with heat. I had returned to my home feeling limp and defeated, to confront a family in a similar state of discomfort and lassitude. Across the street a baby was crying, and farther down, a dog was barking crazily. I felt that another day with the thermometer over 95° would be my undoing.

After the dinner dishes had been washed, I immediately repaired to the garden; sultry as it was it had a slight advantage over the house. I flopped into a hammock, stretched between two

apple trees, like one who, aware he has come to an impasse, is indifferent to his plight. For the moment at least, I was life-weary. Then someone in the living room tuned the radio to an outdoor symphony concert from Boston in time to catch the opening strains of Beethoven's *Eroica*.

Without preamble, the broad lines of the first movement with its fresh measures and terrific intensities rushed out into the garden to the hammock where I lay and struck me sharply, like a sword bathed in a strange, terrifying light. It moved with gigantic strides across space, filling all of my earth and the atmosphere with challenge. It leaped over the zinnias, it crashed through the trees and the tomato patch, and with electrifying swiftness ran along the barberry hedge and knocked at the clouds. With the music, I became aware that a moon was in the still sky and that the garden had become saturated with the sweetness of a second blooming of honeysuckle.

As the symphony proceeded, the radio in a parked automobile tuned in on the poignant funereal phrases of the second movement. Then as the solemn implacable strains advanced into the tremendous scherzo of the third move-

ment, radios everywhere, like the house lights turning on one by one, joined the march of sound and lent added strength to the volume of inspired music that was conquering the night. Everywhere, everywhere, Beethoven was pouring out his soul of molten gold as from a vessel of precious jewels. A man who had been dead for over 100 years was alive, and with the magic chain of his genius was linking humanity to its God. Though he lay in a grave, he was exhorting mankind to falter not. Exultantly he was proclaiming the triumph of love and life over death and despair and spurring the human spirit to worlds heretofore untried and even unknown. And then once more I thrilled to the unforgettable. For while I knew myself to be an atom of dust, I knew, too, that as a child of God I was unconquerable. In music that was an echo of heaven, I became selfless and timeless. I was a flame that could not be extinguished. And I was completely unafraid. My 19-year-old niece thrust her lovely head, covered with shining black curls, out of an upper window. "Isn't it wonderful?" she called. And I knew that she was feeling that way, too.



It may surprise many Americans to learn that their Army Chaplain Corps has won more distinctions in proportion to its numbers than any other branch of service, including the air forces. The chaplains have won such coveted medals as the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star, never for killing but for saving lives.

From *Faith of Our Fighters* by Chaplain Fillwood C. Nance (Bethany Press, 1944).

Religion in the Schools

By ERIK W. MODEAN

Condensed from *Read**

Something new has been added to the "Readin', 'Ritin', 'Rithmetic" curriculum of America's public schools. It is a fourth "R" for Religion.

More than 1,500,000 children from elementary and high schools are enrolled in thousands of weekday religious education classes. These are conducted by Catholics, Protestants, and Jews through the "released-time" movement launched over 30 years ago, and now established as an integral activity of our churches. Briefly, "released time" is a plan by which boys and girls are excused from public school for one or two hours each week, at the request of their parents, to attend religious instruction.

After scattered experiments in the 1850's, 1880's and 1890's, the practice was instituted for the first time at Gary, Ind., in 1913. School Superintendent William Wirt believed children should have more opportunity for religion, music, and other interests, so he asked for dismissal of pupils for any type of extra school work their parents desired. Church people were quick to take advantage of the plan.

Since then, there has been a slow, uphill struggle to place the "released-time" educational program on a firm footing. Today, Dr. Erwin L. Shaver, director of weekday religious education for the International Council of

Religious Education, believes it is here to stay. He reports "a rapidly and widely spreading interest, reaching into every nook and corner of the U. S. and Canada."

There is a strong factual basis for his optimism, too. Ten states have passed enabling acts to permit "released-time" classes. Thirty-three others allow them on the basis of rulings by attorney generals, court decisions and the sanction of state and local school authorities.

Even in some of the five remaining states, Washington, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and South Carolina, weekday religious education is conducted, although not on "released time."

Toledo, Ohio, one of the first communities to adopt released time, now has 4,000 pupils enrolled from the 4th, 5th, and 6th grades. At Kansas City, Kans., 10,000 children receive religious instruction at 72 centers.

Two hundred communities in New York state reported an enrollment of 300,000 boys and girls last year, of which 108,000 were in New York City and 73,000 in Buffalo. Though the large majority of classes in most places are Protestant, 68% of New York City's enrollment was Catholic. In Albany, 70% of the parishes in the Catholic diocese participated.

Other states in which the "released-

Public schools discover God

*1780 Broadway, New York City, 19. January, 1945. Reprinted by permission from

Read Magazine.

time" program has gained substantial ground include Virginia, North Carolina, Minnesota, Maine, Texas, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Illinois, West Virginia, California, and Indiana. Its influence has also extended to Honolulu, where 5,000 are enrolled.

"As significant as the growing statistics is the fact that the program is lifting the teaching of religion to a much higher level," declares Dr. Shaver. "Scores of cities and towns are asking for full-time, professionally trained, and experienced teachers.

"Most of the communities now considering the plan for the first time are committed to a long-time, careful study of all that is involved before launching a program. This shows that our church organizations realize the plan does not offer 'something for nothing,' but that a real price must be paid if we are to have both more and better religious education. There is a determination to put religious education on a level with the child's general education."

Inevitably, of course, "released time" has raised the question of separation of Church and state. Proponents of the plan insist that the traditional principle remains inviolate by requiring such education to be given outside the public-school buildings and by non-public-school teachers who are of the same faith as the children.

One of the main factors in the movement's widespread acceptance has been the cooperation of the three major faiths. Almost without exception, inter-

faith committees of Catholics, Protestants and Jews have promoted the project in the hundreds of towns and cities throughout the country where "released time" is now in effect.

"The attitude of practically all religious groups to the new program of religious education is decidedly favorable," says Dr. Shaver. "Catholics are practically 100% for it. Some Jewish groups have opposed it. Some will not make use of the plan, but are willing that it shall be adopted in their communities. Others are heartily cooperating.

"A few Protestant groups are interested in a type of program which allows them to teach their own children. The vast Protestant majority, however, are willing to pool their resources in a cooperative community program with a common curriculum and teaching staff."

Jewish opposition is not based on indifference to religious education. On the contrary, it is felt that the program is inadequate for Jewish education. Also, that it will lead to violation of the principle of separation of Church and state, and that it makes public distinction between those who want religious education and those who do not.

This year's enrollment in weekday classes is the highest in the history of the movement. But there is plenty of room for improvement and expansion. Some 32 million youngsters attend public schools in America, and about half of these have no religious contacts whatsoever.

Co-ops and Taxes

By MARTIN SCHIRBER, O.S.B.

Condensed from *Land and Home**

On the 100th birthday of the Rochdale cooperative movement, co-operatives in America are being subjected to an attack that gives every promise of being a fight to the finish. Cooperative leaders have known for some years that growth of the cooperative movement is an invitation to battle with interests adversely affected. When the business of farmer-owned cooperatives leaps 30% in one year to a total of \$3¾ billions, and when membership increases in the same period by a quarter of a million, the competition of "farmers' " elevators and of greasy little co-op oil stations becomes a real challenge to entrenched economic individualism.

Spearhead of a movement to squash these co-op trends is the National Tax Equality Association, organized in 1943, after a couple of false starts, "as a clearinghouse for the dissemination of information on tax inequalities, government subsidies, and the preferential treatment accorded to the competitors of private business." NTEA is headed by Ben C. McCabe, president of the International Elevator Co., of Minneapolis. Its other officers include representatives of firms dealing in grain, lumber and coal.

The NTEA disclaims any antagonism towards "true" cooperatives which, although "set up by a foreign pattern,"

are designed to "help the farmer by permitting him to sell his products with other farmers and to buy certain needed supplies at wholesale costs." What it objects to is the growth of these organizations "to great size and in fields far removed from the original concept"—whatever that was. The reason for this growth, according to Mr. McCabe, is that "they are specifically exempt from the high federal income taxes which are today taking most of the earnings of all corporations."

Mr. McCabe's principal cooperative competitor in the Northwest did a business of \$100 million in 1943 and saved its members \$2 million; and the patronage dividend in that year was at a rate which exceeds the commission it is obliged to collect from affiliated country elevators for selling their grain on the exchange. In other words, because of careful management and because of other operations carried on by this large regional cooperative, it is able to pay a patronage dividend to member elevators which is larger than the commission which nonmember elevators must pay to have their grain sold for them.

It is this patronage refund which the NTEA is after. It asserts cooperatives do not have to pay federal income taxes, and thus derive a special advantage which makes it impossible for

* 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, 12, Iowa. December, 1944.

private business to compete with them. They would like to see the patronage refund taxed away while still in the hands of the co-op, rather than refunded to the farmers, so farmers would have less incentive to patronize their own businesses.

The reaction from the grass roots has been strong and spontaneous. Cooperatives are coming together as never before to meet the attack, because they are convinced that all the patter about tax equality is just a blind to hide a campaign to make the world safe from cooperatives. State councils and associations of cooperatives are springing up or undergoing reorganization from coast to coast; and a National Association of Cooperatives has been formed to carry on the fight at the national level.

The common danger has unified the movement as nothing else could. Co-operators cannot see why they should scrap their well-organized cooperative institutions and pay a middleman to market their products when they can do it more efficiently themselves. Nor can they see why they should pay for the cross-hauling, back-tracking and buck-and-winging of trucks operated by half a dozen "competing" oil dealers when they can concentrate their patronage on their own co-op oil station and eliminate untold duplication of facilities.

Is it true that co-ops don't pay taxes and therefore enjoy an unbeatable advantage over private enterprise? The first thing a cooperator will tell you is that his co-op does pay taxes. It pays

real-estate taxes, capital-stock taxes, excise taxes, and perhaps taxes on earnings not distributed as patronage refunds. It pays no income tax on income that is refunded to patrons on the basis of patronage, because that income is an overcharge which does not belong to the co-op.

If a marketing co-op gathers and sells its members' products and after charging the competitive commission has a surplus which it refunds to members, it has received no income. It merely overcharged them for the service it performed as agent, and now it refunds the difference to the principals.

If a purchasing cooperative charges the current market price for goods it supplies its members (one of the Rochdale rules) and finds that there is a margin remaining after all expenses, it has overcharged its members and therefore reimburses them by paying a patronage dividend.

In either instance the members will have a higher income because their costs were reduced (except in the case of the purchase of purely consumers' goods) or their sales price boosted, and they will pay income taxes on that increased income. To an open mind it is an arrangement which should make everyone happy. England, the home of cooperatives, has settled this question twice, in exhaustive reports of royal commissions.

American courts have repeatedly come up with the same decision. As long as any corporation, whether co-operative or not, is obligated by its by-

laws to pay out its earnings to patrons, so that its directors have no discretion in the matter, those earnings are not taxable while in the hands of the corporation. In fact, members can vote to leave their patronage refunds or savings with the cooperative, and as long as the co-op evidences its indebtedness to the members therefor or allocates the retains to the respective members' accounts, it is not legally bound to pay income taxes thereon. The individual members whose income is enhanced by the patronage refund will pay increased income taxes at the proper time, depending upon when it is considered that they received the refund.

If patronage dividends which the co-op is obligated to distribute to patrons are nontaxable while in the hands of the co-op—in fact, lawyers believe that it would require an amendment to the Constitution to make them taxable—why does the NTEA get so worked up over the “legislative favoritism” in virtue of which “their earnings are classed as ‘savings,’ not as profits”? What about the assertion that cooperatives are mushrooming on all sides because they are “specifically exempt from the high federal income taxes that are taking most of the earnings of all corporations”? It is true that co-ops meeting certain requirements are exempt from federal income taxes. But this exemption by statute does not affect the inherent untaxability of patronage refunds which are paid pursuant to contract (e.g., by-laws, etc.). This exemption merely frees the co-op from

paying taxes on income which it actually distributed as patronage refunds; but which it was not obliged by contract to distribute, and from paying income taxes on earnings withheld without consent of the members or without specifically allocating the retains to individual members. Such income would be such a small amount that it would not be worth the trouble of collecting the income taxes on it, and the repeal of the exempting statute would merely be annoying, not devastating.

The ominous thing about the attack is that NTEA knows this very well; but if it can misrepresent the issue sufficiently and arouse public opinion to the boiling point, it may be able to swing discriminatory legislation which will tax cooperatives in defiance of all rules of justice.

But if such legislation is actually enacted, the cooperatives have another ace in the hole. They can simply abandon the old Rochdale rule of selling at the current competitive price, or charging the competitive margins in marketing, and sell or market at cost, distributing the patronage refund to members at the time of sale. The cooperative would then have no earnings to be taxed, and no income-tax legislation could touch them.

Where NTEA has a point is in the fact that some cooperatives have not always treated their earnings as funds held in trust for their patrons, while others have traded indiscriminately with members and nonmembers, without paying a patronage refund to the

latter. If the attack of the NTEA forces such cooperatives to put their houses in order it will have performed a service for the cooperative movement and for the country as a whole.

On two counts, then, the NTEA attack should be considered the opposite

of an unmixed evil. In the year of the Rochdale centennial, it is rallying the badly divided cooperative movement under one standard, and it is making cooperatives from coast to coast aware of the necessity of cooperatively correct operations, methods, and records.



How We Measure Time

By ROBERT PETERS

Season followed season

Condensed from the *Peoria Register**

Had some hardened district attorney demanded of Philip II of Spain where he was on Oct. 5, 1582, the King would probably have been at a loss for words, for, in Spain at least, such a day had never existed. And St. Teresa of Avila, who died Oct. 4 of that same year and who was buried the day after her death, was nevertheless not buried until Oct. 15. All this happened when Pope Gregory XIII changed the calendar to catch up with the sun, and they are only two of the curiosities that are part of the story of that commonplace calendar you unthinkingly tacked on your wall on New Year's day.

Did you ever wonder, for instance, why we have to go through all that "30 days hath September, April, June, and November" stuff, to keep our appointment straight? Julius Caesar, who set up the forerunner of our modern cal-

endar, did his best to make things very simple. He gave all the odd-numbered months 31 days and the even-numbered months 30 days, with the exception of February, of course, to which he gave 29. All that would have been fine, but Julius' successor, Augustus Caesar, found that August, the month he had named for himself, had only 30 days, while Julius' month of July had 31. His pride wounded, Augustus immediately stole a day from defenseless February and gave it to August, but that made three successive 31-day months, so September had to give up one day to October, and November lost one to December.

The purpose of any calendar, and the world has known many, should be to list a civil year of the same length as the solar year. In other words, on every Jan. 1, or any other set day, the

*607 N. Madison Ave., Peoria, Ill. Jan. 7, 1945.

earth should be in the same relation to the sun as it was on the same day of the preceding year. The ideal calendar year would include 365 days, five hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds. Disregard that rule and you will sooner or later have a situation like that of the Mohammedan calendar of 354, sometimes 355, days. In 1945 the Mohammedan year began on Dec. 6, but in 1955 it will begin on Aug. 20. To the true Mohammedan, however, it has never seemed to matter that he should celebrate his 30th birthday in the winter and his 40th in the summer.

When Julius Caesar came to power in 63 B. C., the Roman calendar was a mess. The year had slipped so far out of line that the winter months came in the autumn, and the civil authorities made things even worse by playing politics with the calendar, lengthening or shortening the year to prolong a term of office or to hasten a coming election. Julius did his very best to put things in order, and, when his Egyptian astronomer, Sosigenes, judged the solar year to last exactly 365 days and six hours, Julius cleared off the chronological books by declaring a "year of confusion" that lasted 445 days and started the next year right; at least, so he thought.

Since the civil year of 365 days would be six hours short of the solar year, Caesar determined that every fourth year should be a leap year of 366 days. But, since Julius' year was really too long by 11 minutes and 14 seconds, more than 18 hours every 100 years, St. Bede the Venerable was

forced to remark, in the 8th century, that the sun was not keeping pace with the days of the calendar. June 21 was no more the longest day of the year. And five centuries later Roger Bacon wrote the Pope about the same increasing discrepancy, but it was not until 1582 that Pope Gregory XIII set up the calendar as we have it today.

By that time the year was 11 days ahead of time, so Pope Gregory proclaimed that Oct. 4 of that year would be followed immediately by Oct. 15; thus the paradoxical 24-hour, yet 11-day, interval between St. Teresa's death and burial. To keep the year thenceforward within limits, it was arranged that every centennial year whose first two numbers were not divisible by four should not be a leap year. Thus the year 2000 will be a leap year, even though the year 1900 was not.

Be slow to cheer, though, for the Gregorian year is still imperfect. It is 26 seconds too long, and the error will equal one day in 3,323 years. Perfectionists worry, but the more casual say that if posterity is unable to figure out a solution by the year 4905 the world will have gone to the dogs, anyway.

Human nature and politics continued to play a prominent role in the life of the calendar even after the Gregorian reform. Catholic countries adopted the Gregorian system almost immediately, but many non-Catholic nations resisted to the last: England (and the American colonies) until 1752; Sweden, 1753; Russia, 1918; and Greece, 1923.

The side-by-side existence of two different calendars in the Western world has resulted in more than one historical curiosity. Queen Elizabeth, for instance, is said by our best modern histories to have died on March 24, 1603, yet the date is undeniably false. Elizabeth died on March 24, the last day of the year 1602 in the old-style calendar of England (where March 25 was New Year's day). In France, however, where the Gregorian calendar was in force, that same day was April 3, 1603. The date of the history texts is an attempted compromise between the two calendars, and, on the English March 24, 1603, the Queen of England had been buried for almost a year.

One more fanatical attempt was

made to abolish the "papist" calendar, when, in 1793, the zealots of the French Revolution introduced a new calendar differing as thoroughly as possible from the "Catholic" reckoning. A year made up of twelve 30-day months was completed by five extra days that belonged to no month at all. And the months were named according to "season": Snowing month, rainy month, windy month, budding month, flowering month, and so on through the seasons. A popular English parody summed up the French calendar, which lasted until 1806, as follows: Autumn — wheezy, sneezy, freezy; Winter—slippy, drippy, nippy; Spring —showery, flowery, bowery; Summer —hoppy, croppy, poppy.



Jitterbugs

Jitterbugging is like St. Vitus to music; the whole thing is a matter of technique. You go up to a gal and say, "Oke?" She says, "Nope, 'aving it with 'erbie." You go up to another and say, "You oke?" She says, "Yep, let's waggle."

By the time you fight your way onto the floor, you have lost her, so you just go ahead and waggle; somebody's sure to turn up. That's the beauty of jitterbugging. It's very matey. You can join up with anybody. I started off with a brunette, and finished up with the head waiter in the pantry. The idea is never to let your left leg know what your right leg is doing. If you fall down, just keep on dancing; the others will probably think it's a new step and try it, too.

My biggest moment was when they announced the competition. My partner and I looked superb, and we gained a big round of applause as she carried me onto the floor. She was dressed in chiffon and shin pads, and I had on the usual jitterbugging outfit, tails and crash helmet. The music started just after we did, and from then on it was the survival of the fittest. We were among the last ten couples left in. We had just completed a rather involved step and I was helping my partner down from the chandelier when she dropped her lighted cigarette down my pants. In less than 20 seconds I was pronounced the State Champion Jitterbug. I won hands down.

From the Perth, W. A., *Record* (11 Oct. '44).

Neutral Ireland Today

By ALAN BURGESS

They pay for peace

Condensed from *Travel**

Ireland is the only Celtic nation left in the world. Half neutral, half at war. A nation of poets and warriors and rebels. A nation sometimes so brilliant the rest of the world stares in admiration. And sometimes so incredibly stubborn the rest of the world shakes its head in dismay. No one understands the Irish. Not even themselves. They admit it.

But you never forget Ireland. It haunts you. The smell of the bog myrtle and peat; the sight of the turf cuttings, dark chocolate scars against the hillsides, the little gleaming cottage windows against the black mountains, the salmon rivers running briskly to the sea, the soft hopeless rains.

I remember the old man who looked at me proudly as I walked round Horn Head in remote Donegal, and came out of his cottage to ask in a friendly brogue about the airplanes which thundered with blithe disregard for neutrality inherent in young pilots, across his thatched roof every evening. I remember the gaiety of Dublin, and the great friendliness of the people everywhere; the reverence for the Catholic religion; the bewildering contradictions. All Irish. Not cosmopolitan. Not a mixture of Hollywood and New York, and London and Paris. As Irish as the shamrock.

In Ulster all this is not so obvious,

not quite so clear-cut, because Ulster is at war, and full of British and American soldiers. I remember how the Yanks used to drift into the office, politely refuse the chairs we pushed forward, and spread themselves in elegant American attitudes over the furniture, attitudes which were a constant source of amazement to us, and say, "Now what about the ball game?" And we would smile, because we were very fond of playing the Yanks. Even though we knew no more about "ball games" than the Eskimos. Sober rationing had made us utilitarian. They had the quaintest things to eat. Even ice cream!

The Yanks were way ahead in the third inning, or maybe it was the 13th, we were not very clear, when the news drifted up that the Guinness was getting a bit low at Ma McMullen's, so perhaps we had better finish some other time.

We sat on the bench outside Ma McMullen's, and dipped our noses into our pints of porter, and stared across the wide, blue stretch of Lough Foyle to the mountains beyond. Misty blue mountains with shadows dappling the clefts between them. Not craggy, but sloping up gently from the sea. Rounded, with green, handkerchief-size meadows hemmed in by stone walls on the lower slopes, and small white-

*116 E. 16th St., New York City, 3. January, 1943.

washed cottages with thatched roofs that caught the sun. We were rather thoughtful about it all. That was neutral Eire.

Here we had blackouts, and rationing, and men in uniform, and bombing scars in Belfast. Those blue mountains belonged to Donegal, and that was part of a country at peace. Peace! We had almost forgotten how to spell the word. Little lights shone out of those cottage windows at night, symbolic of something we had almost forgotten.

To get any clear idea of Ireland as a nation today, one must go back to the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921, when the Free State came into being, the six counties in the North seceded, and the whole country, only 32,000 square miles in all, was inflicted with the preposterousness of border lines and custom's posts.

Ireland is a foreign country. The English have never realized that. They have always thought rather blurredly, when they have thought about Ireland at all, of it as being a sort of rather more westerly Wales, part of Britain surely, an integral part of their life, whose football team comes over to play every year; inhabited by people of a fiery, belligerent temperament. For 900 years the average Briton has thought like that. He has been much more interested in his pot of mead or ale; and the doings on the far side of the world have occupied much more of his attention than the doings of his neighbor just across the way. There has been trouble in Ireland from time to time,

and he has had to go across to sort it out. He has not dreamed, secure in his own liberty, that the Irishman has wanted what was a taken-for-granted possession with him.

The English could not understand that an administration flowing from Dublin castle, inspired by an English lord-lieutenant, and enforced by the British Army at Curragh, was gall to the Irish. The Irish claimed an Irish electorate looking to an Irish parliament. No one can doubt the essential justice of their claim.

But it was not as if Ireland was united in her own desires. The English conquest started in the 12th century. Before that, at the breakdown of the Roman Empire, when the Huns and Vandals swept Europe clean of any semblance of civilization, the light of faith and Christianity was kept alive in the monasteries of Ireland, and Christianity returned to England in the 6th century, brought by Irish monks, 30 years before the expedition dispatched by Pope Gregory the Great landed in Britain to convert the British savages.

The centuries brought complications. To Ulster it brought Protestantism. In 1914, when Home Rule for Ireland appeared inevitable, the North, under Sir Edward Carson, refusing the Catholic domination of the South, raised volunteers, and arms were smuggled into the country, to fight to the death should the British government pass such an act. Then the greater tragedy of the war intervened.

It has always been said that England's extremity is Ireland's oppor-

tunity, and in the first World War she seized it. The troubles culminated when 1,000 patriots occupied the post office and other Dublin buildings on Easter Monday, 1916. A British force was landed and suppressed the risings. One of the leaders who narrowly escaped the death penalty was a young man, dark-haired and saturnine. His name was Eamon De Valera.

The troubles grew. The British in 1920 sent across a force which was to be remembered and hated with the memory of Strongbow and Cromwell, a force to hunt out the militant republicans whom both the police and the regular Army were powerless to repress, a force nicknamed the Black and Tans. Professor Curtis of Trinity College, Dublin, put it clearly in his *History of Ireland*: "The result of all this was a dreary record of reprisals and counterreprisals, burnings, murders, and outrages, not between armies, but between expert gunmen on both sides."

In 1921 the Anglo-Irish Treaty partitioned Ireland, giving Eire dominion status, and the means of legislating herself out of the British Commonwealth altogether if she so desired; and leaving Ulster (as was its firm request) a part of the British Isles, with its own parliament in Belfast, and still sending M.P.'s to the British House of Commons.

Today Eire has its own flag, army, and currency; sends its own ministers to world conferences; has its own ambassadors. And there is still, as the Allies know so well, a German and a

Japanese consul functioning in Dublin.

The fundamental difference, perhaps, between Ulster and Eire is that Ulster remains predominantly Protestant, and Eire, Catholic, although two of Ulster's six counties, Fermanagh and Tyrone, have a slightly greater percentage of Catholics.

It is quite impossible to imagine the degree of tacit animosity existing between the two religions unless you have visited the country. Open a newspaper any day, and look at the jobs advertised in the classified columns. You will see: "Young man (Protestant) requires situation," or "Young lady shop assistant (Catholic) required by Smith & Smith." Always the emphasis is upon the religion.

There are 3 million people in Eire, and 1½ million in Ulster. Ulster's puritanism has been emphasized by the war. An Ulster Sunday with no cinemas, dances, pubs, cafes, or any place of amusement open, combined with a rainy blackout, has to be experienced to be believed. Across the border, except during Lent, there are Sunday dances until three in the morning. The pubs are open during licensing hours, and after licensing hours, one pushes open a well-oiled back door. There are lights, eggs and bacon, steaks and fried potatoes, wrist watches, alarm clocks and fountain pens, things which have practically become fond memories in Ulster.

In Ulster there are two large towns, Belfast and Londonderry, both ports, both of which have been, and still are, invaluable naval bases. Belfast is an in-

dustrial city of factories and shipyards and clattering trams and slums, sitting smokily in a beautiful green pocket of the hills at the end of Belfast lough. Before the war Ulster's external trade amounted to \$500 million annually, twice that of Eire, and more than such countries as New Zealand, Portugal, Norway, and Austria. Eggs, sheep, bacon, linen goods and ships, products which today swell the victory tide of Allied might, all poured from Northern Ireland.

Londonderry lies in the North, only three miles from the border which has chopped County Donegal almost completely off from the rest of the Free State, leaving it attached only by a slender neck of land.

Almost every week end I would cycle across the border from Londonderry into Donegal. Every facet of the difference between Ulster and the Free State was compressed into that ride. It was like a journey in time; a journey in which four years rolled back like a curtain, when there was peace and contentment in the world. It was a delightful experience.

But, of course, if you cross the border in a bus or train everything is very organized and efficient. After you cross the railway track, along which a little stentorian-voiced train wheedles its way into County Donegal now and then, the industrial North lies behind you, behind with the uniforms and machines, and latent power of killing. Here is a quiet, green, and somnolent country. The people walk more slowly; little dogs come out of the tiny white-

walled cottages, and wag their tails at you. Occasionally you pass a small jaunting cart drawn by a sleepy-eyed donkey. The cart will be red or blue with bright saffron or green shafts, and as often as not loaded with thick, chocolate-colored bricks of peat, and as you ride you smell the earthy, indescribable softness of this natural fuel cast by the smoke of the cottage chimneys and hanging in the air.

The country is green for a while, with little hedges and cottages and beehive shaped haystacks, but gradually, as you top the hill, you see the first glittering stretches of Lough Swilly. The mountains crowd in around it, changing in hue and color with every passage of the great galleon clouds above them; studded with boulders, ribbed with granite, alive with streams; and haunted by the curlew and wild-eyed sheep.

Here is peace in theory and practice. A peace of neutrality for which Eire pays a price.

Twice a week only, six trains leave Dublin for various parts of Ireland. Twelve branch lines have closed down completely; goods trains operate only four days a week. Fuel is the reason, a lack of coal and gasoline, previously imported from Britain and America. Even for trains to operate at all it is necessary to burn coal, peat, and wood briquettes, and often the train has to stop in the middle of a journey while fires are cleaned and relit. In Dublin, if you see a petrol-driven car, you turn to look in amazement; and you know it is a police car. All transport stops at

9:30 at night; after that you either go by horse-driven cab, or walk.

The people who feel the transport problem most acutely are the farmers. Mechanical harvesting is cut to the bone; many bacon-curing factories have had to close down or work short hours; and in the coming winter the problem of getting peat (for more peat is being burned in Ireland today than at any other time in her history) into the towns will be serious.

Yet, in spite of travel difficulties, the imperturbable Irish still hold their race meetings, and get to them by any means they can. Hire of a carriage and pair for the two days covering the Puncheston meeting 22 miles from Dublin was advertised in the local newspapers at \$200.

Today Dublin is probably the gayest city in Europe. It flourishes with a fine old Regency air. The streets are crowded. The horse and carriage have come back into their own. There is plenty of good food in spite of rationing, plenty of wine and spirits, for trade between Eire, Spain and Portugal, is still considerable. Hotels are packed with excursionists from the North.

Dublin is the heart of Ireland. The Dail is there, and at the Dail you will find De Valera, leader of the *Fianna Fail* party, and today virtual leader of the neutral Irish republic.

American born, nonsmoker, non-drinker, an excellent linguist, he still wears black for those killed in the 1916 Rebellion. Even his opponents will admit he is the most astute statesman in Ireland. His determined stand regard-

ing the expulsion of Axis consuls when approached by America and Britain last March, won him much favor, for a great part of Ireland stands behind him in his attitude of neutrality.

Why is Ireland neutral? Because she distrusts England. She distrusts America. She distrusts any great power. For 900 years she has fought for her freedom, and now she has it she will not relinquish it easily. If American or British troops crossed her borders she would resist them desperately; if German troops tried to land she would do the same. She is pugnaciously neutral.

Threaten her with sanctions and you will strengthen her resolve. Cut off her coal, her gasoline, cut off everything and it will not make a bit of difference. Literally she will starve rather than budge from the attitude she has taken. In Eire they say with some bitterness that, if the Allies are fighting for the rights of small nations, it would be as well if they respected the rights of a small nation called Eire.

They point to Switzerland, Turkey, and Sweden, and suggest that they are making a good thing out of the war, which Ireland certainly is not. They point to the 250,000 Irishmen serving in the British forces, the 300,000 Irish workers in England.

For that is the paradox of the whole episode.

Today, perhaps England's extremity has not been Ireland's opportunity, but her perplexity. The age-old bitterness has kept Eire from fighting against tyranny, for only the most completely blind could be unaware that today the

Allies' fight is Ireland's fight; that the forces of Nordic paganism arrayed against Christianity would wash over Eire as they washed over Europe if the Allies failed.

The government remains neutral, but many Irishmen will not imitate their government. Across the border they come in hundreds and thousands, men and women, to fly in Spitfires, fight in tanks, and sail in destroyers.

The captain of the *Jervis Bay*, armed merchant cruiser which went in with pathetic guns blazing against a German pocket battleship in protection of his convoy, came from Eire; so did Paddy Finucane, one of the leading fighter aces of this war; so did Esmond, the V.C. who against insuperable odds led his own Swordfish formation against the *Scharnhorst* and *Prince Eugen* in their Channel passage. Eire has earned six Victoria Crosses in this war already, and innumerable lesser awards. You do not get the V.C. for nothing. Look through the lists of all the most coveted British decorations, and high on the roster you will find the names of Irishmen who crossed the border to fight for something they believed in.

That in itself perhaps is a significant change in history; a change so significant that it has not been adequately appraised. For generations Irishmen have gone to fight with Britain's enemies. Hundreds of thousands of them

died in the French ranks in battles which lasted intermittently for 200 years. There were Irishmen in plenty facing the British redcoats at Bunker Hill. And now there are Irish in plenty wreathing their rich brogue through the ranks of the Allies.

Ireland is old, Catholic, and agricultural. Except perhaps for Spain, there is no country in Europe so untouched by the industrial revolution.

I was told, by Protestants, that the dead hand of Catholicism was strangling the country; that ignorance of the masses was held up almost as a virtue. I favor neither religion; but I did not find that so when I was there. I found an indolence, yes, and a casualness, but a way of living that was slow and satisfying, that had its roots in the soil, and its head, if not in the stars, at least based upon a mundane, healthy way of life. Because a people do not grasp feverishly for new movies, and chromium-plated bars, and tiled swimming pools, and plastic automobiles is not to say they are uncivilized.

Almost every cottage in Connemara, in Kerry, in Donegal, can boast a brother or a sister in America sending over dollars every month. Now, with travel difficulties, they are going to England, and a steady stream of funds flows from England across the Irish Sea. The trouble is the wanderers do not return. They stay away and dream of Ireland for the rest of their lives.

The two chief faults of man are his lust to get even and his habit of doing things that make others lust to get even.

From *Quillen's Quips* by Robert Quillen.

Peacetime Conscription

By MATTHEW SMITH

Condensed from his column*

The demand for universal military training in peacetime, renewed in the recent address to Congress by President Roosevelt, sent us to a study of comparative military figures.

Today, with most of the world at war, the U.S.A. has perhaps 12 million men under arms. In 1935, the total active forces of the nation consisted of only 137,960 men, with 300,104 in a trained reserve.

The British Empire had 1,068,937, but of these 622,053 were in a trained reserve. Germany admitted 426,800 in active service and 1,850,000 in a trained reserve. Her forces were double those of the British Empire, which ruled about a fourth of the globe.

Italy had 1,110,593 in active service, in addition to a trained air service of 201,236, and on top of all this claimed 5,214,238 trained reserves. The total was almost five times that of the British Empire, which in turn was a little better than twice that of the U.S. (both regular servicemen and reserves).

Russia, in 1935, claimed 1,185,000 men in active service and 14,590,000 in her trained reserve. Her forces were by far the largest.

From these figures, it is obvious that in the period when the world was preparing for global war the totalitarian countries had by far the largest armies. History since then would indicate that

Totalitarian delusion

something more than mere manpower is what counts most. Personnel is important, but the manufacture of materials is needed as much. Morale is needed more. The test of the democratic nations in the conflict has been one of the astonishing facts of history. That the U.S. and England have been able to do so much is owed to the morale built up by the freedom of their peoples. Russia, a totalitarian power, has fought amazingly, but could she have done what she did without our aid in the way of materials? Remember that Finland won the war against her just a few years ago, though Finland lost the second war.

France, in 1935, had an active force of 600,505 in addition to a separate active air force of 34,352. Her trained reserve was 1,850,000. This combined number was greater than the one admitted by Germany. Yet the nazis easily defeated France and held her in bondage several years. Many books and articles have been written to explain why. France was a democracy, but her people had lost spirit. Her morale was shattered principally because there had been a long neglect, among many, of morals. Both Britain and the U.S. had better face this lesson. Some see signs that France has learned from her experience.

The fact that mere numbers are not

*Listening In, in the Register, 938 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. Jan. 21, 1945.

sufficient is proved by looking at Italy.

Let us turn to the distant past. The greatest empire the world has ever known was that of Rome, when we compare its strength with the global population then existing. Rome held this vast machinery together with a peacetime army of only 375,000 men, divided into 30 legions.

Seneca said that wherever the Roman conquered he inhabited. This was true. Colonies, in which veteran soldiers predominated, were planted all through the empire. York was the seat of government in far-off England and ancient Rome ruled that land for four to five centuries. London and Bath were already important. Great cities were built by the Romans all through the empire. Public highways of amazing engineering began in the Forum of Rome, pervaded Italy, and went out through the provinces to the very limits of the empire. The main purpose of the roads was military, but there was constant communication in the ancient world, whether by land or sea.

The empire was always on a military basis. The very title *imperator*, from which the English word *emperor* comes, means literally generalissimo or commander-in-chief.

Yet the armed forces did such an efficient job that for long Rome was on a peaceful basis, and the uniformity of life, when more time could be given to the superstitions and gross immoralities of paganism, gradually poisoned and weakened the people. Genius died and the masses fell to a dead level. Even Christianity could not prevent the wreck, though it did rebuild the world after the crash.

As barbarians became troublesome, the size of the Roman army had to be increased, often by the hiring of other barbarians. Taxes became burdensome. A civilization that, despite many thousands of slaves, was unable to produce a high degree of economic security, gradually fell to pieces. Though older histories traced the cause of the downfall to the barbarian invasions, better scholarship now blames economic collapse as the chief reason, but back of this, moral collapse.

It would be well to remember some of these things, and also the figures of military force in the totalitarian states of 1935, before we get hysterical over too much postwar military training for America. We are not different from other nations. Our ancestors were the same people.



Cigarettes?

While scientists know of no case in which persistence in the habit of smoking has ever done the slightest good, they do know of countless cases which conclusively prove that smoking has done substantial harm, particularly in adolescent youth.

Wm. A. L. Styles in the *Catholic Home Journal* (Jan. '45).

The Leisure State

By ERIC GILL

Condensed chapter of a book*

The Leisure State is the grand climax of the industrial world. The two things are obverse and reverse of the same medal; you cannot have one without the other, and you cannot want one and not want the other. The industrial world leads to the Leisure State. The Leisure State is the only possible excuse or palliation of industrialism. If there were no Leisure State looming out of the murky clouds of 19th-century industrialism this world would be hell indeed, and every one would agree that it was so.

The haven is near, heaven on earth, the earthly paradise, in which by a reasonable organization of machine factory, transport, and distribution, a reasonable state control of money and credit, "the lifeblood, so to speak, of the entire economic body," the great resources of the earth will be available to all, and food, clothing, shelter, and amusement will be as plentiful actually as they are now potentially. Then at last men will be free from the curse of Adam. No more shall it be said, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn bread." No more shall it be true that "he that does not work, neither shall he eat." The lie shall be thrown back in the teeth of Genesis and St. Paul.

In brief: machinery will have released men for "higher things," and, instead of the weary toil of the slaves

of Rome or Egypt, or the no less weary toil of our modern factory slaves, all men, high and low, will be free to spend their long leisure hours in contemplation of the divine mysteries, and in the pursuit of all those fancies and games of which the dark night of primitive and savage labor has deprived the sons and daughters of men. And all this paradise, so longed for, through so many centuries of centuries, will have been the gift of those few men of genius who saw the possibilities of mechanical invention, and of those others who, viewing the world through their telescopes and microscopes, saw it as a giant storehouse of unused and unlimited powers, and had the vision of the rational application of science to industry.

The selfishness, greed and avarice of our first merchants and adventurers, and the even more monstrous greed and avarice of our Victorian and Georgian financiers need not blind us to the blessings which a benign nature had been using them to promote. The young airman throws his bombs into the indefensible slums. The resulting slaughter seems sad and even horrible. But good comes from evil. The Empire is preserved, and justice can again rule the minds of men. So it is in many affairs, and in this matter of the commercial and financial appetites which

Is idleness our goal?

*Eric Gill: *Essays*. 1944. Devin-Adair Co., New York City, 10. 192 pp. \$3.50.

were the motive power in the first springing and later development of the mechanical and scientific method of production, we may see again the holy triumph of good over evil.

The commerce and finance-ridden mind is even now dying; the death rattle may even now be heard in its abominable throat. Thus we shall emerge, and the watchwords of communism, as indeed of Christianity, "Each for all and all for each," will sound in our hearts without any necessity of a passage through either blood or tears, even tears of repentance, save only that blood and those tears through which we, in our long pilgrimage from our ape-like ancestral home, have already passed.

Science! Machinery! Blessed words, and yet more blessed things. All necessary work, as such is understood by Science, shall be done by Machinery, and, it is not too much to predict, the machines themselves shall be minded by machines. Science! Machinery! And thus Freedom! We have not yet quite arrived; but Science and Mechanics have shown us the way. Nothing remains to be done but to destroy the stronghold of the robbers who have for so long beset our path, and, if possible, convert (why not?) its inmates. The talents which, with so much skill and daring, so much courage and, so to say, self-sacrifice, they have defended themselves, will be of even greater use in the earthly paradise, and will bring them even greater glory among men, the glory of saviors, and the love and devotion of their fellows. As organiz-

ers of scientific knowledge and its application to engineering and machine manufacture they have shown their prowess. It only remains for them to devote such great gifts to the common good instead of their private aggrandizement. Statesmanship has not been wanting among men, and, as in ancient Petra, rose-red city, the highway robbers became princes and governors, so let our captains of finance become our honored leaders and directors.

But, alas, the whole of the foregoing paragraphs is nothing but romantic nonsense! Romantic, that is, untrue to the facts of life and of man, untrue to the facts of man's nature, untrue to the nature of the physical world, and to the nature of man's spiritual being. Nonsense, complete nonsense! The world is not like that.

For quite apart from the extreme unlikeliness of any conversion of our commercial and financial overlords, or even of the millions of small men (ourselves, in fact) to the view that the only true function of machines and of science is the amelioration of man's earthly life and his release from the thralldom of physical labor, so that he may spend his time in pure enjoyment and in the contemplation of holy things, such a way of life is clean contrary to the nature of this physical world, to man's physical nature, and to the nature of his desires. Moreover, and above all, it is clean contrary to all we know and all that has been revealed as to man's ultimate destiny and Last End. We are not spirits inhabiting, against our wills, inanimate motor cars

we call our bodies, so that the more automatic these cars can be contrived to be, the fuller and richer and more untrammelled will be our spiritual life. We digest our food without any conscious exercise of intelligence and will, and we are glad to be able to do so, and rightly consider ourselves unwell when we do otherwise. But it does not follow that it would be a good thing, therefore, if all the growing and preparation of food, the making and adorning of clothes and houses and town halls and churches, were in like manner reduced to being automatic and unconscious operations, if all the arts of living were reduced to the sphere of the drains. It quite obviously does not follow, and it cannot be made to follow, by any process of logical reasoning, even if ordinary people were prepared to accept conclusions so arrived at.

It is, on the contrary, quite obvious that not only are all the arts of life—farming and preparing food and eating it; making woven or other fabrics for clothes and furnishings; building all kinds of buildings from the lowliest and most simple sheds and cottages to the most elaborate and ornate palaces and shrines; the whole affair of transport both on land and sea—in spite of their mechanization, man's principal means to the enjoyment of life, his chief pride and delight, the things we treasure and which we travel far to see and share, but they always have been the chief means available to him for the expression and manifestation of his spiritual composition.

For man is not an angelic and unembodied spirit; his is a composite nature, material and spiritual, both real and both good; and his pleasures are not simply the pleasures of the mind. He is not altogether incapable of such—logic, metaphysics, mathematics: such things enthrall some persons no less than the job of building with stone enthralls others. But, such, in general, is not man; and even your mathematician or your monastic ascetic enjoys and promotes the other arts of men; he likes his food and drink; it does not seem inappropriate to him that good wine should adorn his table or that weavers should give as much disinterested love to the fabrics of his clothes as he himself does to his research into the nature of things.

The Leisure State is founded upon a false angelism, a false notion of the fitness of men to enjoy themselves without the direct responsibility of each one to earn his living, and that of his wife and children, by his own work. This false angelism was, 1500 years ago, called Manicheism. It is the same illusion nowadays. It is the notion that matter is essentially evil and therefore work essentially degrading. No one would express it like that today; we do not like such religious-sounding terms. But that is the basis of our Leisure State: the release of man from his entanglement with matter. The highbrow exponents see it in highbrow terms: higher things, high art, beauty, contemplation.

Ordinary persons are not thus constituted. For them it means simply a

release from drudgery and insecurity, from slum life and overcrowding, from underfed and unhealthy children. It means more travel in motor cars, at greater speeds, more racing, more football games; in fact, more of everything but of that dreary business which industrialism has made of work, of which no one could be expected to wish anything but to see the last of it.

And this modern Manicheism has no foundation in a generous spirituality. It is not the product of an overwhelming love of God, as though one should say with St. Paul: "I long to be dissolved and to be with Christ." Far otherwise! Here is no desire for the pure bliss of some beatific vision; here is nothing but a desire for release from drudgery and privation. Here is no desire for the time when men will have better food and better drink; better and lovelier clothes and clothes more suitable to adorn and protect the darling bodies of men; better houses; and,

above all, better places for the worship of God and His proper praise. Here, alas, is commonly no more than a desire for release from the pains thrust upon them by a selfish capitalism and, otherwise, no idea more noble or even more human than to have a good time.

For, don't you see, in the Leisure State people won't really love the "good things" they will enjoy in such plenty. They won't love them in the sense that they will see them and use them as holy things, things in which and by which God is manifest. In reality they will despise everything. Things will be made only for passing enjoyment, to be scrapped when no longer enjoyable. It is all a great illusion; the release from work does not and will not mean the love of a good life and of good things; it does not mean the City of God; it means, at the best, an impossible angelism and, at the worst, an impossible aestheticism, the worship of the pleasure of sensation.

My visit to the Paramarines was the occasion for my meeting Lieut. Comm. John Murphy, of Chicago, who once was pastor at Harvard, Ill. Father Murphy was aboard the U.S.S. *Helena* at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, and had served with her in the many engagements at sea around Guadalcanal. He came to the Paratroops as their first chaplain, and soon built a tiny chapel in their jungle camp. I was later to meet Father Murphy at Enogai Point, on New Georgia, where he went on detached duty with the Raiders. We both had seen the *Helena* go down in Kula gulf, and he was torn with anxiety for his old mates.

I asked Father Murphy (he preferred that to his military title) if he had said, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

"Heavens, no," he said. "I merely asked, 'What is Mrs. Murphy's little boy doing here?'"

From *Combat Correspondent* by Lieut. Jim Lucas (Reynal, 1944).

Peace—or Race War?

By H. C. McGINNIS

Christ is white, Christ is colored

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

Society is marching swiftly toward a tragic racial conflict. The demand for racial justice, denied discussion at the Paris Peace Conference ending the first World War, is steadily increasing. The world's colored peoples are becoming acutely aware of the justice due them. This time, when the peace planners gather, the Chinese, Filipinos, and other Asiatic peoples will be loud in their demands for race equality. The nations which boast most loudly about their leadership in democracy are the very ones which maintain exclusion laws and practice race bigotry. The U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa have put up bars against Asiatics, although recently the U.S. did decide to admit a thin yearly trickle of Chinese. While it is not pertinent to the present discussion, it is interesting to note that all these nations are known as Protestant nations. Evidently the majority of their people have not been convinced that all men are brothers.

While it is true that, as matters stand, the question of race equality in world politics is a very delicate and complicated matter, no attempts were made at Versailles to solve it. The peace-makers positively refused to discuss race questions. For instance, the American delegation had introduced a resolution on religious freedom. It was

obvious the resolution was due to pass without much dissension, for the assembled statesmen were anxious to make a few gestures which weren't altogether materialistic. Seeing this, Japanese representatives proposed an amendment to it calling for a recognition of race equality. This pleased many of the European statesmen for one reason only; they were highly cynical concerning American utterances about the natural rights of man. They enjoyed seeing the American representatives squirm at this unexpected development. Surely, they exclaimed to one another gleefully, a delegation which offers a resolution calling for religious tolerance could not refuse to accept an amendment calling for racial tolerance! Obviously, the Americans couldn't do that and remain consistent. So they withdrew the resolution on religious tolerance! This automatically killed the Japanese amendment.

Nor were the Japanese permitted to offer a resolution on racial tolerance. The British delegation checked all attempts to bring up the matter, giving as its reason the fact that even a most vague declaration would raise serious disturbances within the British Commonwealth of Nations. This was undoubtedly true, for Australia's premier vowed heatedly that should a race resolution pass, he would appeal directly to

*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. December, 1944.

the race prejudices of the people of the U.S. and the Dominions. The fact that this threat caused the American and British leaders to refuse all further discussions of the matter proves how strongly they felt that race prejudice existed within their respective nations.

No doubt the Versailles incident played a major role in Japan's subsequent campaign to organize all Asia against the white race. As her agents went through Asia, and even throughout Africa, they had plenty of undeniable facts at their disposal. Everywhere they went they fanned the flames of racial hatred. To millions of Asiatics, Japan appeared in the role of the savior of the world's colored peoples. Even American voluntary preparation of the Filipinos for independence lost much value in Asiatic eyes when the Japanese pointed out that American officers in the Philippines had excluded Filipinos from their clubs. To this they added hundreds of tales concerning the treatment accorded American Negroes by their white fellow countrymen. Naturally, they never failed to enlarge upon the refusal of the peace planners at Versailles to make even the most general declaration concerning the rights of peoples not white.

Since colored peoples have instinctively the same ideas of freedom as whites, it should not be difficult to imagine their feelings. With the world shrinking in size because of improved communications, colored peoples everywhere are becoming more and more conscious of discriminations practiced against them. It is dangerous stupidity

for the white race not to realize that the upward surge of the colored races for their place in the sun will not be too long denied. The race problem is the world's next headache unless the present war produces racial justice. However, not all of the whites' refusal to see this question in its proper light comes from stupidity. Part of it comes from sheer cupidity. White imperialistic nations, eager to exploit colored peoples, are anxious to retard their social advances as long as possible.

With China and India alone representing nearly a billion people, one can foresee what will happen when they are fully aroused in a racial struggle. And aroused they certainly will be, for the Japanese are vindictive. Even though thoroughly defeated and perhaps demilitarized, Japan will seek not only vengeance but also opportunity to escape her punishment by increasing her campaign to arouse the world's colored millions against the white race. If she can show those colored peoples who were loyal to the United Nations' cause that they have been bilked of the justice promised or hinted in exchange for their rejection of Japan's pleas for a racial jihad, she can foster a hatred which could rock the world.

The day has come when white leaders must do much more than periodically utter pious mouthings about man's brotherhood. The colored world now wants to see some real progress in racial justice. Yet, until the racial intolerances of the British Dominions can be eradicated, there is small hope

that Britain will take a positive stand for racial justice, although, as head of the world's greatest empire, she can practically make or unmake the situation.

In the U. S. we find a strange paradox. With the majority of Americans sincerely interested in justice for oppressed peoples outside the nation, they refuse justice to colored minorities within the nation. Much of the colored world looks to the U. S., as democracy's leading exponent, to lead the march against racial prejudice; yet this nation cannot consistently do so while it practices racial injustice itself. Although many Americans fight this war for the preservation of freedom and human dignity, there are also many who seemingly have not yet crystallized their ideas of just what constitutes human dignity and who is entitled to enjoy it. Due to an ignorance of the natural law and the moral order, their philosophy, although well-intentioned, frequently falls short of real justice and charity.

The solution to racial intolerance lies in true religion. Political and economic agencies show no signs of dealing with the matter effectively. Christianity teaches that mankind is one great family—brothers united under God's common fatherhood. It teaches the unity of this family, not a separatism based upon skin color. Yet it must be admitted that many of the

countries which show the greatest racial intolerance call themselves Christian. However, a closer scrutiny of such countries reveals that they are predominantly Protestant, and that the majority of the people seemingly know little about the doctrine of the mystical Body.

The traditional Catholic stand for racial justice today imperatively demands the full and active support of every soldier in the Church Militant. Atheistic communism, spreading its vicious tentacles into every nook and cranny, recognizes and practices the racial equality of all men, despite belittling man's dignity in many other ways.

Believing that the pudding's proof lies in the eating, the oppressed and humiliated colored millions may decide that an ideology which denies God, but which offers them relief from racial discrimination, is preferable to a doctrine which teaches God's fatherhood of all peoples but whose avowed followers all too frequently fail to practice it.

Christians who practice racial intolerance or fail to take a positive stand against it are slackers in the army of the Church Militant at a time when history's most crucial battle is being waged to determine whether the spiritual or the pagan conception of life will rule the world.

The world at best is pretty much of a hole, and not a foxhole either, because atheists are in it.

The Church Against Fascism

By ARNOLD LUNN

A look at the record

Condensed from the London *Catholic Times**

The assault against the Church changes from age to age. Fifty years ago we were attacked as the enemies of science. Today we are denounced as allies of fascism. Both attacks are the precise reverse of the truth, but just as one blunder (Galileo's) has obscured the immense services of the Church to science (services such as the formulation of the heliocentric theory by Canon Copernicus in a book, the expenses of which were paid by two Cardinals) so a few words of the late Pope after the Abyssinian war have helped our enemies forget that the Catholic Church has been the boldest and most effective enemy of totalitarianism in Europe.

Politics, national and international, are riddled with opportunism, and the very people who denounced most eloquently the invasion of Ethiopia were silent when Soviet Russia waged wars of aggression in the early 20's, and those who today demand that the Pope should denounce Hitler have conveniently forgotten that Russia was expelled in 1939 from the League of Nations for destroying the independence of three states, all members of the League, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

Up to the very outbreak of the Abyssinian war the Pope labored for peace, and during the war the Vatican

was a pool of shadow when Rome was illuminated for Italian victories. Outright papal denunciation of the war would have been resented bitterly in Italy. Moreover, the Pope is bound to remain neutral in international conflicts. By precedent, for many centuries have passed since he pronounced judgment on wars in which neither side appealed to him as arbitrator, and by the specific terms of the Lateran Treaty.

Admittedly, in all totalitarian countries (including Russia) the Catholic hierarchy have tried to come to terms with the state. Their first duty was to secure the spiritual rights of her children. In this country it is easy and safe to denounce fascism, and consequently people who follow the fashion of the moment have little conception of the perilous responsibilities of those who have to negotiate with tyrants.

As one who in his own small way has told the nazis what he thought about them in Germany, I am unimpressed by the sort of young man who clamors for a firm front against fascist aggressors and then dives for a reserved occupation when the war begins. Now the principal difference between Italian Catholics, Italian Protestants, and Italian Jews is that whereas all Italians tried to make the best of the regime, only the Catholics refused to compromise beyond a certain point.

* 33 Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 2, England. Nov. 24, 1944.

Many of Mussolini's most ardent supporters were Jews: Guido Jung, for instance, his finance minister; Senator Mortara, president of the Court of Cassation; Carlo Foa, who succeeded him as editor of *Gerarchi*; Signora Sarfatti, his first official biographer. We forget too easily that the Jewish press, and not only in Italy, hailed Mussolini as the paragon of dictators.

During the Abyssinian conflict, the Jewish community in Turin handed over the gold ornaments of the synagogue. Salviemini, a bitter enemy of the Church, described the attitude of the Italian Jews during the Abyssinian war "as even more servile and abject than that of Catholics."

The Protestants, remembering Mussolini's long record of hostility to the Church, welcomed the rising sun of fascism, and one Protestant paper expressed its confidence that the new movement would bring the Italian Reformation in its train.

When Mussolini aped the anti-Semitism of Germany, Pius XI, who had already denounced fascism in his encyclical *Non Abbiamo Bisogno* and nazism in *Mit Brennender Sorge*, enjoyed the wholehearted support of the Italian hierarchy in his resistance to the application of the anti-Semite laws. Farinacci denounced the "Judophil Vatican" as "the ally of communists, Masons, Jews, and Protestants" and the Jews themselves have borne witness to the steadfastness with which the Church befriended them. And not only in Italy, for the Jews had no better friends than the French priesthood

during the anti-Semite persecutions initiated by the Vichy regime. It would be pleasant to record any attempt by the Jews to organize protests against the persecution of Catholics in Mexico, Spain, Russia, occupied Poland, and occupied Lithuania.

In Germany the only institution which has offered an effective resistance to nazism is the Church. In Germany and in occupied Europe socialists have supplied most of the collaborators with nazism and fascism, and no wonder, for there is no difference of principle between the fascists of the left and the fascists of the right. Hayek has pointed out in *The Road to Serfdom* that "in Germany and in Italy the nazis and fascists did not have much to invent." They merely took over from socialism the tyranny which socialism advocates and the way of life which socialism applauds. Apart from Jews, very few socialists have been forced to leave Germany. The underground movement exists only in Hollywood films, so far as socialists are concerned. Only the Church, the aristocracy, and the army have provided rallying ground for resistance.

"Being a lover of freedom," wrote Einstein, "when the revolution came in Germany I looked to the universities to defend it, knowing that they had always boasted their devotion to the cause of truth, but no. The universities immediately were silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers, whose flaring editorials in days gone by had proclaimed their love of freedom; and they, like the universi-

ties, were silenced in a few short weeks. Then I looked to the individual writers who as literary guides of Germany had written much and often concerning the praise of freedom in modern life; they too were mute. Only the Church stood squarely in the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I

never had any special interest in the Church before now, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced, then, to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly."



Impression

Of the 485 pupils of Mt. Clemens (Mich.) High School who were called into service for their country, William Froberg was first to return to his studies. Being necessarily absent for eighteen months, Bill will graduate next June, with only one semester lost due to his term in the U. S. Army. His 530 fellow students have voted him the most courteous, popular, and friendliest boy in school.

For a lad of 19, Bill has seen a great deal of the horrors of war. He knows what it is to fight for freedom. Bill was awarded the Purple Heart and holds a service ribbon with battle scars for action in the Mediterranean theater, and other awards. But now he is concentrating on studies, trying hard to blot out the memory of fearful events of a few short months ago.

But one thing he can never forget. Without even asking, Bill will probably turn his right hand palm upward and show you the faint imprint of a rosary. Then he will perhaps tell you the story.

In the thick of a fierce battle near Volturmo, Italy, Bill and his pal had sought cover in a foxhole, only to be blasted from their refuge by a nazi shell. His pal was killed instantly, and Bill was hurled high through the air, landing in a heap several feet away.

"Death seemed near in that foxhole," Bill says. "I was holding the rosary in my right hand when the shell struck. I guess I must have gripped it pretty tight for when I came to, days later, the print of the rosary was as plain in my palm as if tattooed there."

M. Pete Simer.

Pilots Also Pray

By LIEUT. TOM HARMON

World's record for Hail Mary's

Condensed from a chapter of the book* and *Collier's*

When the weather broke clear, after a week of overcast, Captain Enslen decided that if we didn't have a mission from headquarters, we would look for shipping in the Yangtze near Kiukiang. We had received reports from Intelligence that there were some pretty big boats on the river in that area, and if we could damage the Jap supply line it would be a good mission and a feather in our war bonnet. The boys had been in the area several times and had run into very little flak and hardly any fighters at all.

We were briefed by Captain Enslen and Lieutenant Wu, our Intelligence officer, and the mission was planned. We would take nine ships, five dive bombers each carrying a 500-pound bomb under its wing, and four planes as top cover. Schultz was given the lead plane in the cover with Lieutenant Robbins flying his wing. Lieut. Tommy Taylor was my element leader and I was flying in the last position, or what is known as "tail-end Charlie." Captain Enslen was the lead dive bomber, with Lieutenant Robinson on his wing. Ripper Rea was the second element leader and Lieutenant Weber was on his wing. Kendall Dowis, old reliable himself, was the fifth of the dive bombers. Dowis and Rea had earned quite a reputation for

being able to lay their bombs right on the target, and when it came to coolness under fire, they were like ice.

The nine of us went to the mess hall to get something to eat while the crew chiefs and the ground men loaded the bombs and readied the planes for action. When we came back to the field, the planes were ready to go and so were we.

While our planes were gassed up, Taylor and I got together and made a few last-minute plans. They had to do with the Intelligence report we got at this forward base that two Jap planes were patrolling the area. The thought of catching those two Zeros made the boys who were flying protection rare to get into the air.

As we approached the target the morning looked calm and peaceful. Schultz and Robbins began to weave over the dive bombers, and Taylor and I followed suit. The bombers had gone in at about 6,000 feet, and we were at about 8,000 feet protecting them. As Kiukiang came into sight, we saw that all the streets were cleared and there was no sign at all of activity on the ground. The Japs had been warned!

Sitting out at the docks just off the harbor of the town was a large transport steamer. This was our meat; we had caught a swell target for dive

*1944. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York City, 16, 184 pp. \$2.50. †250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. June 3, 1944.

bombers. The big bombers started their runs.

The mike clicked and Schultz's voice said, "Six Zeros at three o'clock!" So there were six, not two.

We were in a slight turn to the left at the moment, and, sure enough, there were six of the ugly little devils off the right wing about 1,000 feet above us. The dive bombers had started their run and our job was to protect them. As Schultz called out his warning, I cocked up on my left wing to look behind me. Coming down at us from above were six more Zeros. That made 12 altogether. I punched the mike button and called out, "Six more Zeros at nine o'clock." I looked at Schultz and Robbins and Taylor, and saw they were headed up into the first six Zeros that Schultz had called out. I was trying to release my belly tank, but I don't think it came off, for I didn't feel the ship kick.

At the same time I turned into the six Zeros behind me and fired a short burst. The Japs didn't like the idea of taking on a P-38 at head-on range, so they busted up. They were flying in groups of three's instead of two's, as we did. The leading three turned left and dove. The three on the right scattered. The first two of them turned right and dove, while the third turned left and dove alone. I was practically lined up with him and we were both diving. I cut loose with the machine guns and the first burst was a lucky shot. It tore the canopy right off the little fellow over there and his motor burst into flames. When I saw this I

pressed the cannon button, and the Zero went straight down.

The air now sounded like a million buzzing bees, as the motors wound up and the ships started around each other. Added to the infernal noise, there came at irregular intervals the sharp brrrrrr-upp, brup, brrr-upp of the machine guns of all the ships. I didn't see our dive bombers come off the target, so I climbed back looking for another Zero. Over the lake down below there was another one climbing upward. My dive had made my airspeed very high, and I closed in on the climbing Zero. I don't think he saw me, because I came right up under his wing and fired a short burst. The shot caught him close to the fuselage and a part of his wing tore off. I closed right in and everything cut loose. The Zero blew up.

I had climbed steeply in this encounter and was just going to pull over and head for home. Then I heard a sharp ring against the armor plating behind me. Almost immediately a second shot hit the armor plate under my seat and I was given a slight jolt. The third shot exploded between my legs. This one blew the gas primer out and blew my legs off the rudder pedals. Later on I discovered my pant legs were blown off at the knees. How I ever missed catching some of those shell splinters I'll never know. The gas primer was now blown clean out and the gas line in the cockpit was on fire. I reached down between my legs and tried to stamp out the fire with my hands. "This is hard on gloves," I thought,

and tried again. It was a useless gesture. The fire only grew in intensity. The flames began to lick my face and arms and legs.

My plane was now in a 90-degree dive straight for the lake. I knew that I had gone into that dive at about 8,000 feet, but I didn't know how much altitude I had lost while I was trying to put out the flames. I did know for sure that to stay in that cockpit very much longer would mean roasting alive, so I loosened my safety belt and jettisoned the canopy.

The terrific rate of speed the ship had built up in its dive had caused a great suction in the cockpit, and I was literally torn out of the ship. Not being sure of my altitude, I pulled the ripcord on my chute almost at once. As soon as I had done that I was sorry, for I had heard about how the Japs had machine-gunned parachuting airmen, and I knew the correct move was to pull a delayed fall and open your chute as late as possible. The trouble was, I didn't know what was "as late as possible." My chute opened with a jerk, and I snapped upright under it.

I looked off to my left and saw a Zero circling around me. Directly opposite, another Zero also began to circle around my chute. At that moment my heart went right up into my throat. A man in a parachute is as helpless against a strafing plane as a duck on a string.

I had heard machine-gun bursts, and I decided the only hope for me was to play dead. I folded over in my harness and hung limp. Out of the side of

my eyes I could see the two Zeros still slowing down to continue their circle. I was waiting for them to turn into me any minute and start blazing away. During those moments I was undoubtedly setting the world's record for Hail Mary's. I must have said a million. The moments seemed to drag by. There wasn't a breath of air stirring in the sky that day, and it seemed as if the chute would never reach the ground.

Looking below, I could see that if I didn't pull my shroud lines I would be in for a ducking in the lake. I thought about it, and decided that I would rather take a ducking any day than a 50-caliber bullet through the stomach. The Zero kept circling slowly, and the suspense was worse than any I have ever experienced.

At last the lake came up to meet me. The Japs hadn't shot! Why they didn't I couldn't imagine.

Since I had been unable to unstrap my leg straps, I knew I was taking a chance of having the chute fall on me while I was in the water and perhaps drown me. However, this didn't worry me too much at this point. I took a deep breath and went under water. While under the surface, I unbuckled my straps with one hand and held onto the rubber inflated cushion that was on my chute. This acted as a buoy and was strong enough to hold me up. I came up under the chute, which was now on the surface of the lake, and grabbed a breath of air. My lungs had seemed almost about to burst, but I knew I was still out of sight of the two Zeros. They made three dives on the

chute, and each time I heard them starting down, I would go under the water and under the chute. They must have thought I was dead, because they went back to their base after that. What a relief when I poked my head out from under the edge of that chute and saw them winging away into the distance!

Well, I had come through that one all right! I was still alive and with some luck I might be eating fish heads and rice until the end of the war. If I used my head in addition to having luck I might do even better, but I knew that was asking a lot, being as far behind the enemy's line as I knew I must be.

Now, for the first time, I realized that I was burned, and pretty badly. It hurt, but I wasn't going to let that bother me if I could help it. With the relief at escaping from those Zeros that had come down after me the old thinking machine started to function again, and I began making some plans. I had heard enough about the Jap ways of torturing their prisoners, and I didn't relish the idea of being kicked around by those yellow-livered little supermen. I still had my 45, and I definitely decided on a fight, regardless of what happened.

It was 32 days before I got back to my base again. In those 32 days, I went through the most physically painful experience of my life. The burns on my legs and face became infected. Medical aid in China outside army bases is unheard of, so there was only one remedy available, cold tea. The tannic acid is

supposed to take the sting out of the burns and help them heal. It did help some, but the results were far from perfect. My face was so badly burned that eyes and lips were simply swollen shut. I had been just barely able to peer out from between my lids when I came down, but soon they were completely cracked and closed. Because my mouth was also burned badly, I could hardly eat for 17 days.

That trip taught me an awful lot. One of my main supports was prayer, and never for one moment did I lose the faith that Mom had always taught me to have. And faith proved a stronger weapon than a Tommy gun or any other man-made arm. While I was on the trip back I once again picked up amoebic dysentery. That all by itself would be enough to make a man miserable, but at the same time I had those nice little burns to bother me.

I lost 52 pounds in those 32 days. My weight is usually about 200 pounds, but I weighed in at a strapping 147 when I got back. *Scarecrow* would have been the word. I hadn't weighed that little since I was a kid in high school.

That day early in December, 1943, when I climbed out of a plane back at my home base is something I'll never forget. The world had never looked rosier. I was home. Back with the boys that I knew like brothers. I was met by Ryan Moon, Doc Burns and the camp chaplain, Father Joe Cosgrove. I was so happy, I started to cry.

When I walked up to the barracks the afternoon of my return I felt a

warm glow inside my chest. I felt that every man at the base was glad to see me back! The warm smiles and heart-felt handshakes that greeted me were nothing to the expression in the boys' eyes. My crew chief and the ground men really gave me a welcome, and it was the first time I really understood what those boys mean to a pilot and what the pilot means to them. They set up the punch that the pilot delivers, and it makes a close bond. I looked quite a sight in my Chinese clothes, and all the boys were snapping pictures.

Then I saw old Schultz coming down the steps. He had spotted me and broke into a dead run. Boy, what a reunion! We both started to cry. I was happy indeed that he had got out. The last time I had seen him, his position hadn't looked too good.

Late that afternoon, Father Cosgrove said a thanksgiving Mass in honor of my return. I think I am a pretty hard guy, but I felt like bawling like a baby. When I looked around at the men crowded into that recreation room, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, taking part in this Mass of thanksgiving, I could just have thrown in the towel. Nothing, absolutely nothing in my life, has ever equaled that moment.

Father Cosgrove said Mass the following night for Captain Ensen, and the whole squadron again attended. There may have been men there who had never been inside a church in their lives, but that night they were all there paying their individual respects to the memory of our dead commanding officer, and asking in their own words

that the Big Boss upstairs might hear their prayers for Ens and the rest of the boys who had flown their last flight for the 449th.

After dinner I had to make a speech, and I gave the squadron a full resume of the fight from where I saw it and of my trip back to the base. As I came to the end of my talk that night, I felt a real lump in my throat. I had been to hundreds of banquets in my life, but never to one like this. It seemed like being in another world, when I remembered having made speeches to young boys who lived and slept thinking about football. This occasion was different.

The conclusion of my speech that evening came straight from my heart. I said, "I have had the good fortune to have lunched with the President of the U. S. I have enjoyed meeting many of the celebrities of the world, and I once gained a small reputation for playing football for a great team and scoring a few touchdowns. Tonight as I stand here and speak to you, I am not so proud of having had lunch with the President of the U. S., although that was a great privilege. I'm not proud of a football record or any name I was lucky enough to make in sports before the war. But I am damned proud that I have been granted the good fortune to be associated with men like you, and I will always be proud that at one time in my life I was a small part of the 449th Fighter Squadron. God bless every one of you." I had never spoken like that before in my life nor said anything I meant one half so sincerely.

Scorpions

By JOHN NOLAN

Condensed from *Maryknoll, The Field Afar**

Down here in the Sierras of Central America, we have an enemy. He is small, drab, and sly, and carries a lethal argument at the end of his narrow one-inch segmented tail. He lurks in shoes, dresser drawers, beds, and, with malice aforethought, drives his stinger into our unsuspecting hides.

We call him (among other things) *Señor el Alacran* (Mr. Scorpion). This is what happens after he stings:

1. If you were ever stung by a bee or a big red ant, you have an idea of what the sting feels like. The scorpion's is just a little sharper. Ten minutes later, one's mouth fills with saliva, his tongue and mouth get warm, and swallowing gradually becomes impossible. The temperature rises swiftly. This stage lasts about a half hour.

2. The throat closes almost completely, and a sort of vomiting begins, but nothing comes out of the mouth but saliva. The temperature continues to rise. There are 15 minutes of this.

3. This stage is rightly called *las ansias*, or the agonies, and is the worst thing imaginable. Temperature is at its peak. The body is a mass of pain. You know how it is if, when you are sitting on a chair, your feet go to sleep, and then you try to walk. That's how it is in this stage, but the pins and needles are longer and more pointed and reach every part of the body, even the teeth.

Speaking is impossible, and semiblindness takes place. The mouth is forced open by some unknown force, is hot, and filled with saliva. Breathing becomes most difficult. When saliva is swallowed, breathing is checked completely, and a queer pain shoots through the writhing body. Every exhalation is a moan that cannot be suppressed. Eyes pop, the whites become yellow. This stage, by far the worst, may last from three to 50 hours.

4. Moans cease, and what were formerly large pins and needles now become just ordinary pins and needles. Vomiting continues but, as before, is merely pretense. There are two hours of this.

5. Fever drops, and a hot liquid may be taken. To swallow food or a cold liquid is impossible. The pins-and-needles feeling goes to the extremities of hands and feet and tongue. The body is weak and fatigued. This goes on for about 12 hours.

It is strange that, during the whole process, the mind isn't affected one bit. Hearing isn't impaired at all. The pain, nausea, and gasping for breath are what make death seem like a picnic. You see, I know very well, because a little scorpion stung me yesterday morning at 1:45 A.M.

After Father Thomas O'Rourke, my neighbor, gave me two injections, he

**Maryknoll, N. Y. January-February, 1945.*

went to the village square, where a little party was going on, and got one of the men to come and kill the scorpion. Scorpions are pretty fast on the draw, and a person inexperienced at killing them may easily get stung. I had given the man who came to help us out a shot in the arm three days previously for the same purpose.

We have on hand three kinds of injections for scorpion sting. What they do, we don't know; perhaps they just guarantee life. They certainly don't take away an iota of pain. I went through stages one to five like every-

one else; but of all cases I know, I pulled through faster than any. From two to seven o'clock in the morning, I wasn't in condition to receive visitors, but really those five hours were the only ones that were tough. After that, it was just a matter of waiting for a few inconveniences to pass off. Right now, I can drink cold water, there are only a few pins and needles at the tips of my fingers, and my left ear feels frost-bitten. A hasty conclusion would be this: anyone who runs a chamber of horrors and hasn't a scorpion in the collection isn't a connoisseur.



Who and Why

It's an odd thing about honest journalism: you never talk over "matters of policy." You just know the right thing to say because you have no hidden reason for saying anything else. So writers on honest papers just write, and it all comes out right because there is no possible way for it to come out wrong. Big papers, on the other hand, have to watch out. It won't do to smack the bad service of the trolley system. That may be contrary to policy. The publisher may own a large block of the trolley system's stock. So laying off the railroads becomes a matter of policy. And so, too, does laying it on the motormen and conductors.

One of my favorite reforms, incidentally, is along this line. I'd like to see the freedom of the press expanded to the point where a publisher could use type as big as a billboard to slam or praise anything, but to do this he would have to print in the ears on the front page a listing of all stocks he owns in other properties than his paper. Then you'd know what he was damning or praising, and why.

Frank Scully in the *Hollywood Press Times* (25 Aug. '44).

Miss Fitt, Ph.D.

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Condensed from his column*

Miss Fitt is a teacher and writer. Or at least, she teaches and writes. Miss Fitt is an intellectual pharisee. That is, she prides herself on being different from the rest of mortals and dresses the part. I do not doubt she would zestfully advocate parboiling one's grandmother if she thought it would get her newspaper space. Her Ph.D. thesis, I remember, was an exhaustive investigation of the edibility of barbershop sweepings. One reader remarked that the footnotes looked like barbershop sweepings and were just as valuable.

Miss Fitt is, she says, an expert on child education, and her claims are, on the strength of her insistence, taken as true. She has many startling theories about children. For example, she has discovered that human children are generally born of human parents.

Among her particularly original pet theories is one that has to do with not teaching religion to children. Miss Fitt believes religion should not be forced on children, that they should not, as she so prettily puts it, be saturated with it, that formal instruction in the subject is all wrong.

She shudders when she hears a little one prattling, unaffectedly and with radiant faith, about God, for she believes that what the child says is merely a repetition of what he has heard and not the secretion of his own brain. She

maintains that nothing at all should be said to a child about religion, that no prayers should be taught, that a religious atmosphere for the child should be avoided. All her suggestions are aimed at forestalling fanaticism.

She has put this view into an absorbing book, full of graphs and statistics, entitled *No Nonsense in the Nursery*. The book came into the hands of Mrs. Austin Adams, a woman who takes seriously everything she reads, even the "No Cigarettes" signs in drugstores.

After going through the book, the hyperlogical Mrs. Adams did a little thinking of her own, something which Miss Fitt and her kind would deprecate as an aggression on their province. If it is improper to teach a child about God, reasoned Mrs. Adams, I suppose it is improper to teach him to read, do sums, eat in a neat way, dress himself, avoid getting wet feet, keep clean, distinguish between right and wrong, obey, respect his elders. If teaching him about God leads to religious fanaticism, surely teaching him these other things leads to fanaticism in literacy, arithmetic, etiquette, health, and morality. I shall, said Mrs. Adams, follow this advice.

The unhappy object of Mrs. Adams' determination was little Violet, a lovely and likeable child who gave every promise of growing into a lovely and

*The Sifting Floor. In the Catholic Transcript, Hartford, Conn. Jan. 18, 1945.

likable adult. Mrs. Adams had instituted for Violet a regime calculated to foster that development. But now she scrapped it.

For one thing, she gave Violet no more baths and did not so much as wash her face. She did not want to prejudice the child in favor of soap and water, to make her a fanatic on the subject. Violet quickly became a grimy little piece indeed, face and body filthy, fingernails in perpetual mourning, hair snarled and greasy. She belied her name. Other children avoided her and ridiculed her cruelly.

Never told what was right and what wrong, Violet changed from a well-behaved youngster into a hellion. She cursed her father, and, when her mother objected to her throwing a Sevres vase against the fireplace to see whether it would bounce, she hit her smartly over the shins with the poker. She set fire to the kitchen curtains, hurled a stone through the grocer's window, tripped her grandmother on the stairway, and put her feet on the table when there were guests at dinner.

Strangely enough, she did not learn to read automatically, by some kind of sixth sense. She was illiterate and she stayed illiterate, for, once her contemporaries got ahead of her in this respect, she was ashamed to undertake the preliminaries which they had long

left behind. She had no idea whether two was more or less than 18, and could tell neither time nor the day of the month. You can see how well prepared she was to make a living, to say nothing of dealing with ration points.

As it turned out, she had neither to make a living nor to cope with ration points, for she died at an early age.

One day there was a heavy fall of snow. At the height of the blizzard Violet thought it a good idea to go for a stroll, naked. This was a severe test of her mother's high-minded policy of noninterference, but the vision of Miss Fitt's wagging finger kept Mrs. Adams from making a grievous pedagogical mistake. She said, did nothing.

Violet returned, but not under her own power. She was carried into the house some hours later by a policeman. She was quite dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams were arrested for criminal neglect. It seems that the civil authorities, who evidently have never heard of Miss Fitt, insist that parents have a certain responsibility to their children and take punitive action when that responsibility is neglected. In prison Mrs. Adams had ample opportunity for reflection, and she came to the conclusion that Miss Fitt was wrong. She thought of suing the lady professor, but found she could not make a case against her.



Sacrifice is surrender of man to God by submission. Sacrament is surrender of God to man by donation.

From *By Jacob's Well* by Archbishop James Leen, C.S.Sp. (Kenedy, 1940).

Song of Sister Angelica

By KATHERINE ANNE CHARLTON

Ending in a prayer

Condensed from *She**

I've recently learned a good deal about nuns. My little sister, the most normal youngster you could ever hope to meet, decided at 16 that she wished to devote her life to Religion and now, eight years later, is a professed nun.

If you were Sister Angelica, you would have known since you were a little girl that you were blessed with a vocation, or calling, to the Religious life of a nun. You probably considered a long time before choosing the particular community of nuns which you would join. There are many groups and each has its garb and rules. You might, for instance, have become a Sister of Charity and have chosen to spend your life with the poor and orphaned; or, you might have preferred the nursing Order of the Assumption, or the Franciscans, or the teaching Order of Notre Dame, or the Holy Child. Had you been knocked about a bit by the world, the contemplative Order of the Magdalenes would open its doors to you. And, of course, you might have felt that you were meant to spend your life in the strictest of cloisters, the Carmelite.

But you were the cutest kid in the block; you were as full of faults as an old shoe; you were the darling of the butcher, the sweetheart of your class, the leading lady of the school play, the captain of the cheerleaders. You were

a friend to all you knew. You were ready for college the summer that you were 16. And now, eight summers have passed, and you are high on a convent mount, preparing to take the final vows which will complete your novitiate as a nun.

Those who knew you when you were 16 and at home, Sister Angelica, would know you today, I think, if they met you in your black garb on the street. I think they would know you by your walk and the laughter in your blue eyes and your quick, almost French way of using your hands. You are as American as a strawberry ice-cream soda and just as pink and white and delicious.

The dark deeds you perpetrated as a little tyke might be listed alphabetically. As a nun, I might say almost the same thing. You are never guilty of the obvious, you never repeat yourself, and your fund of mischief is inexhaustible. I am not thinking so much of the time when, during your Mother Superior's absence, you were stricken with the inspiration to transform the chaste brown walls of the English convent kitchen to a red and blue and yellow bit of old Mexico. For with the help of two very young and open-minded postulants and three cans of paint borrowed from the storeroom, you completed the job between late Mass and

*521 5th Ave., New York City, 17. January, 1945.

collation. You sincerely thought your Superior, upon her return, would be delighted and surprised. P. S. Your Superior was, upon her return, surprised. Exclamation point.

You wear the black garb, traditional for hundreds of years to women of your vocation, and you find it comfortable. You are extremely meticulous about this garb, or *habit*, as it is called in convent parlance, and you well might be for you must wear it many, many years. You wash and starch your own linens and there is nothing on earth so white as they. In fact, there is no earthly place so completely immaculate and ordered as a convent. An outsider, upon entering a convent for the first time, is sure to exclaim over two things: its cleanliness and its cheer.

You rise at 5:30 to attend holy Mass. Your day is spent in prayer and teaching. You teach 67 private music lessons each week in addition to your praying and your routine convent household duties. You bake and cook for the older Sisters and you are in bed with lights out at nine o'clock. Your pupils adore you, and you, them. There is a lengthy waiting list of children who long to have the privilege of studying with you. Your annual musicale usually includes a little Jerome Kern along with the Chopin etudes and usual exercises. You remember *The Ink Spots* and you love *If I Didn't Care!* And anyone chancing by your music room must not be too surprised to hear a few bars of GI jive.

You are keenly interested in the doings of your "civilian" friends and

want to hear all about their dates and new frocks and bracelets and hair-dos. Your own hair-do, under your veil, has been cut in a feather bob, but is not shaven, as many outsiders imagine. You are fun to know and easy to laugh and joke with. You are highly amused by the popular notion that a girl enters a convent because she has been thwarted in love. You know that a girl enters a convent because she has found love, and with as positive an attitude as a girl entering a nursing career.

Until you are a professed nun, which means that you have made your final vows, you will hardly ever be on the street alone or visit the home you left. After you are professed you may receive permission to spend an occasional afternoon at your family's home. In the meantime they may visit you in the convent parlor once each month.

The day on which you took your first vows you were dressed as a bride in exquisite white, and your parents and brothers and sister came to see you consecrated to God in a ceremony of unforgettable beauty and dignity. You were so very young, Sister Angelica, and had seen so little of life itself. Coming as you did, from a convent school, who can know what life might have held for you had you remained a part of it? But the reason for a girl's choosing to renounce the world is an understanding between God and the elected, and who are we to judge? As the years have gone by and they have learned more about your life, your worldly brothers and sister have become reconciled.

You look forward to the convent celebration of your feast day, on which you commemorate the death of the saint whose name you have been given. You receive little gifts from the other nuns. Large white linen handkerchiefs and pencils and prayer books. These gifts you take to your bedroom, or cell, as it is called. Sometimes, on a feast day, you and the others are treated to a nice, mild movie which you enjoy thoroughly. There is much merriment, and always music on feast days.

The Sisters with whom you live and work have come from every walk of life. One nun is the daughter of a famous baseball manager. Another, before her convent days, was the lead in a soap opera. Recently, one capable nun received a pilot's license and will teach flying in a college. Each nun is permitted to develop any talent she

might possess. You, Sister Angelica, play piano, violin, oboe, organ, and ukulele. You have been given weekly private instruction with a world-renowned concert pianist. Next fall you expect to matriculate at a local university, where you will attend classes of men and women. You will keep quietly to yourself, however, and your professor will find you a model pupil.

You will probably never leave the life of the nun, although if you should ever choose to, you may, and continue in the fold of the Catholic Church.

You have never spoken one word about religion to your friends and yet you are the most truly holy person I have ever known. You, Sister Angelica, have true saintliness. Your life is one ringing song to your Creator, and I would feel very happy if you would mention me to Him in your prayers.



Flights of Fancy

She generally spoke in the present vindictive.

As neutral as a stop-and-go signal.
—*Irvin S. Cobb.*

It is easier to fight for one's principles than to live up to them.—*Alfred Adler.*

Romantics who sow the moon and reap the honeymoon.

There they sat, eating their dinner by scandal light.—*O. A. Battista.*

He thinks nothing is too good for her, and so does she.—*Esar's Comic Dictionary.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Peace in the Midst of War

By LIEUT. GENEVIEVE O'REILLY

Condensed from the Brooklyn Tablet*

Army nurse writes home

This is the day, darlings, that I have been dreading for almost a month, but the good Christmas Babe wouldn't let anyone be unhappy on His birthday and so today turned out to be a beautiful spiritual one for me. As I start this letter, it's 9:10 Christmas night.

Last night at 11 o'clock, Kelly and I took Mary (Dutch Reform) to midnight Mass. It was the most beautiful service I ever attended. There was a choir made up of nurses and personnel, who sang the Mass in Latin. I was sorry I couldn't be in it, but I was on night duty when they practiced. A very famous Italian opera star sang the *Ave Maria* and we all sang Christmas hymns.

The place was jammed, mostly with patients, and a small stage was decorated beautifully with Christmas trees and a little crib. It was a solemn Mass, and I was closer to you in spirit than I have ever been since I left home.

The thrill of the evening came when 15 German prisoners sang *Holy Night* in German. It seemed so strange to hear these supposed enemies of ours singing a hymn in praise of our God. I looked around at the faces of the patients, boys with arms and legs in plaster casts and patches on their eyes and some leaning on crutches, but I could not see any hate or bitterness in their eyes. In fact, through the tears in my

own eyes I could see the tears in theirs. When I went up to receive Holy Communion I felt closer to God than ever before, and for the first time in my life I knew what was meant by "Peace on earth to men of good will," because peace certainly reigned in our hearts and these sick and sorely wounded boys certainly showed love and forgiveness to each other and proved their good will. It was wonderful, and what a beautiful birthday present the little Babe in the crib received when almost the entire congregation received His Body!

Today was a typical Christmas day. It was freezing outside and I had 60 little soldier boys who kept yelling for Santa Claus. Kitty, the nurse I work with, and I decided that something drastic had to be done and that it was up to us to do it. I went over to my room and gathered up two bottles of whisky (two months' rations that I never use). I kept looking around and my eyes kept coming back to the fruit cakes my swell family and good friends had sent me. I had seven cakes left, so I added six to the two bottles of whisky and rushed back to the ward.

The doctor, Capt. Leo Re, who comes from Brooklyn and is one of the 74th Station Hospital unit, brought out some more cake and candy to add to the feast. We sent to the mess hall

*1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, 17, N. Y. Jan. 13, 1945.

and got 15 cans of evaporated milk and some powdered eggs, and guess what we made? Right! Old-fashioned Christmas eggnog. Then we stacked up all the boxes the Red Cross was giving out to each patient and 60 packs of cigarettes and started our party. It was a wonderful success. You could just about taste the whisky in the eggnog. Imagine two bottles for 60 men! But the boys really loved it.

Then Kitty and I sang for them and then they in turn entertained us. Hillbillies, moonshiners, and Texas cowboys all sang their native songs for us and we had a wonderful time. It could not have been better if we'd planned it for weeks. They are so wonderful

and so grateful, and I enjoyed it just as much, if not more, than they did.

So, tonight, on looking it over, I realize that in a very strange way this has been one of my happiest Christmases. But oh, how I wish now that I were home with you. I think that I would have been happy today even if I had been shut up in a room all by myself because you both gave us kids so many happy and lovable memories to carry through life with us. It's time for bed now and my Christmas prayer shall be in thanksgiving to God for giving me such wonderful parents and a prayer that He shall keep you safe for us for many years to come. Good night and God bless you, darlings.



Driving Her Mad

The lady, a Catholic, got on the bus and sat down next to a stranger, who promptly burst into conversation.

It seemed that gas rationing was driving her out of the church, no doubt of it. When the gas rationing began, she was going to a Lutheran church on the far side of town. Naturally she had to think twice about the distance when she was cut to four gallons a coupon. So she transferred from the faraway Lutheran church to the Methodist church, which is almost halfway across the city. Then the rationing board cut the coupons to three gallons; so in desperation she joined the Fundamental Baptists, who are just two miles from her home. And now the board was making a cut to two gallons.

"I'm transferring to the Presbyterian church," she said. "It's just down the hill from where I live. But if they make another cut, I'm stuck. You'd never guess, but the church nearest to me is the Catholic church, right in the next block. So it will be a choice between that and giving up religion entirely. I don't know which is worse, do you?"

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (6 May '44).

Do Protestants Go To Heaven?

By RICHARD GINDER

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor**

All God's chillun got wings

Can Protestants save their souls?

Yes, beyond a doubt. Everyone who lives according to his conscience will save his soul. No one is damned except it be through his own fault. God gives every man help enough to save his soul; only those will be lost who maliciously spurn that help and close their eyes to God's truth. In heaven we will undoubtedly meet many of those whom on earth we knew as devout Baptists, Lutherans, and other sectarians.

Catholics and non-Catholics alike express surprise and even doubt concerning that fact. To some of the Catholics it seems an injustice. "Here I am getting up for Sunday Mass while that good-for-nothing husband of mine just rolls over. He doesn't go to any church at all. I'm working at my salvation and he's loafing. Do you mean to say he's going to go to heaven with me?"

Charity practically clamors for a Yes reply. We want all men to go to heaven, such that if we had no clear Church teaching on the point our piety would prod us into making out a case even for atheists. An opposite attitude is a sort of spiritual snobbishness.

The fact remains that every man who lives faithfully according to his conscience will save his soul. The highest authority spoke in the person of Pope Pius IX.

"Those who are hampered by invincible ignorance about our holy religion," he said, "and, keeping the natural law, with its commands that are written by God in every human heart, and being ready to obey Him, live honorably and uprightly, can, with the power of divine light and grace helping them, attain eternal life. For God, who clearly sees, searches out, and knows the minds, hearts, thoughts, and dispositions of all, in His great goodness and mercy does not by any means suffer a man to be punished with eternal torments who is not guilty of voluntary fault."

What is "invincible ignorance"? It is ignorance for which one is not responsible, either because it never occurs to a person to doubt the matter at hand, or because if he did doubt, he would have no ready means of straightening out his mind on the point. It all adds up to the fact that no one is damned unless it be through his own fault.

Non-Catholics quote one text after another from Catholic sources to the effect that "outside the Church there is no salvation," and ask how we would reconcile our stand with these words of our Popes and Doctors. It is true that there is no salvation outside the Catholic Church, nor is it a contradiction to say so. Msgr. Ronald Knox explains as follows:

*Huntington, Ind. Jan. 28, 1945.

"Catholics believe that there is no other religious body in the world through which salvation can be procured. The fact of membership in any other religious body than ours will not contribute to any man's welfare in eternity. Let us suppose two brothers, both brought up and confirmed as Anglicans. One, from a dislike of forms and ceremonies, breaks away from his old association and throws in his lot (let us say) with the Society of Friends. Even here he does not aspire to full membership; but he believes in our Lord, he prays, he lives an upright life. His brother remains an Anglican, and wears his Anglicanism with a difference; he fulfills his Anglican obligations with exemplary regularity, believes in the Real Presence, and puts his trust in the 'undivided' Church. Now, from the Catholic point of view, there is no more and no less hope of salvation in the one case, than in the other. Either is saved, if he is saved under the same title; namely, that he is a Catholic without knowing it."

Monsignor Knox goes on to say that even the Greek Orthodox, if he is saved, is saved through Rome and not through Constantinople.

But is it possible to be a Catholic without knowing it?

It is indeed. Our Lord made His Church sole proprietor of His grace and truth. To her alone were given the keys of the Kingdom. All religious truth, then, is Catholic truth. Others may snatch it from us, rub out our label, and affix their own, but as everyone knows, changing a label does not

affect the contents. Catholic truth it was and Catholic truth it remains, whether taught by Methodists, Baptists, or Dunkards. The Bible, for instance, bears a Catholic copyright before God, and wherever private interpretation falls in line with our traditions, we have Catholic truth, whether it be in the hands of a Lutheran or an Anglican. The rest is covered by "invincible ignorance."

It is in that sense that one may be a Catholic in spite of himself. The first sin was committed by those who left their fathers' Church with their eyes open. They bore the original guilt. But their children and their children's children on down have had bred into them a wrong notion of the Church. They don't hate or distrust the Catholic Church. They hate or distrust what they imagine she is. They do not understand or, perhaps, have not been given God's help to see her as His agent on this earth. And still they may be Catholics without knowing it.

So we have the Protestant who is too lazy to look into our claims; and the one who suspects that "there might be something to it"; and one who is afraid to study our Creed for fear he might find it to be true. Such as these can hardly be said to enjoy "invincible ignorance." But it is for God to judge their motives.

The others, the great majority of non-Catholics, are thrown back on those two great shadows of the sacraments: Baptism of desire and perfect contrition. We, therefore, say that those non-Catholics who are conscien-

tiously convinced they are right in their belief, who live in accordance with the dictates of their conscience, are members of the soul of the Church, though not of the body.

Let no one say, now, that I am an exceptionally "broad-minded" priest; that my views are singular; that I dif-

fer from the common teachings of the Catholic Church when I say that God gives every man, be he Catholic, Protestant, Jew or pagan, grace enough to save his soul, and that no one is lost except it be through his own fault, for that is the teaching accepted throughout the whole Church.



Parade

Pretexts for divorce manifest greater and greater variety. A young Chicago wife testified she made a poor play in a pinochle game, thus killing her husband's love. He could not, it appeared, love that kind of pinochle player. She got her divorce. A Seattle housewife secured a divorce because her husband informed her, "Six years is enough to live with any woman." A 28-year-old New England wife told the judge her husband had made her spend one night in a barn where a cow's mooing interrupted her slumber.

In Los Angeles, where the divorce court is located on a 20th floor, a woman who faints in elevators had the judge come down to the first floor to hear her case. Her husband, she explained, treated her like a housekeeper. The court granted the desired decree, then returned to the 20th floor.

Not so very long ago something that looked like a grave cause was necessary for wrecking a home. Nowadays any old pretext is sufficient. If the excuses which won divorces during the last year or so were to be incorporated into the basic law, that law would read something like this. Causes justifying divorce: boneheaded plays by a spouse

in bridge, pinochle or other card games; public correction by one spouse of the other's mispronunciations or table manners; habitual failure of a husband to notice his wife's new hats or dresses; insistence by a husband that his wife dye her hair; hostility of a husband to his wife's pet dog or dogs; inability of a wife to get along with her husband when he is sober, provided she is financially unable to keep him in liquor; etcetera.

If houses were being blown to pieces because the landlords were not very good at pinochle, or skyscrapers wrecked because the owners did not like dogs; if one out of every five buildings in the nation were dynamited on the most trivial pretexts: everyone would be greatly alarmed and realize that a crisis was at hand. The Home is much more important than the House, the Family much more necessary than the Building. In a pinch, a nation can manage somehow without the House. But no nation, in or out of a pinch, can survive without the Family. The nation, from coast to coast, from border to Gulf, is strewn with the wreckage of families. And yet scarcely anyone is alarmed.

John A. Toomey in *America* (16 Dec. '44).

The Cross

By RONALD A. KNOX

Spiritual geometry

Condensed from the London *Tablet**

You will meet stupid people, or read stupid books, or still more stupid articles in newspapers, which say the cross isn't, originally, a Christian symbol; we took it over from the pagan religions that went before us. Now, as a matter of fact, it is quite extraordinary the way you don't find the cross in pagan religions.

But even if it were true that the cross was used as a symbol by the pagans, that would prove nothing. Because in any case they didn't use it with the same meaning as we do, for the same purpose as we do. An illiterate person, because he can't sign his name, makes a cross instead, and we call it "So and So, his mark." But when a bishop writes you a letter, he also puts a cross at the end of it; is that because he's illiterate and can't write his own surname? No, it's to show he's a bishop. What matters, you see, is not the cross itself but the reason for using it, the meaning we attach to it. And if the pagans used it, we have no notion what they meant by it, nor what their reason was for using it. But our reason, our meaning, is perfectly clear. We draw pictures of the cross all over the place, we trace the lines of the cross over our own bodies, for one reason and for one reason only. We do it because two Roman soldiers, 19 centuries ago, spent the first part of the

morning hammering down one plank at right angles to another.

And now, we have spoken of the cross as a symbol, which has a meaning; what exactly is its meaning? What exactly is it a symbol of? Well, there again, those two soldiers did much better than they knew. Because the cross hasn't just one meaning; it has hundreds. The other symbols mankind uses generally mean just one thing, and nothing more: the Rising Sun, for example, which is the symbol of Japan; or the Crescent, which is the symbol of the Mohammedans—all those symbols mean just one thing.

But Christian thought goes on and on finding new meanings in the cross; it hasn't finished yet. It reminds us of all sorts of things in the Old Testament. The tree in paradise, for example; the Preface for Passiontide refers to the devil as having won his victory through a tree, and losing it through a tree. And Noe's ark, covered all over with pitch, and the cross, the Church points out to us, covered in the same way with our Lord's precious Blood. And the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up on a pole in the wilderness, so that the people who had been bitten by poisonous snakes could look at it and be healed, our Lord himself compared His crucifixion to that. And crucifixion itself, brutal and horrible punishment as it

*12 Queen Victoria St., Reading, England. Aug. 26, 1944.

was, does nevertheless suggest all sorts of gracious images to the mind; we think of our Lord as lifted up from the earth, looking down on the world, reigning from the cross as from a throne. We think of His arms, wide apart as they had to be, as stretched out towards us sinners in appeal, and in invitation. For 100 reasons we ought to be grateful to our Lord for having chosen, when He died for us, to die for us on a cross.

But there's one symbolism about the cross which is at once, I think, simpler and more profound than any other. If someone asks you for a recipe for drawing a picture of a cross, the best answer is this: You've only got to write a capital *I*, and then scratch it out. The capital *I* stands for self, and the cross stands for capital *I* scratched out, for self mortified. Our Lord was eternal God; He told the Jews Himself: Before Abraham was, I am. And that eternal *I* He crossed out, by under-

going death. You and I have each of us an *I* that is very dear to us, a self which we think much more important than anything else in the world, which we are determined, at all costs, to keep safe and comfortable if we can. That is our natural instinct, to set up a great capital *I* in front of our minds, and worship it. And the Christian religion tells us that the real point of our life in this world is to learn to do exactly the opposite: cancel that *I*.

When you make the sign of the cross, taking holy water or saying grace on this other occasion or that, think sometimes what it is you are doing, what meaning it is that your action is symbolizing. You draw your hand down from forehead to breast, and say to yourself: Lord, here am I. And then you draw your hand from shoulder to shoulder, and say: Lord, scratch me out; teach me to mortify myself for your sake, to cancel myself, to become nothing, just nothing, for your sake.



Sunday Sickness

Sunday sickness is a disease peculiar to churchgoers. The attack comes on suddenly. No symptoms are felt. On Saturday night the patient sleeps well; in the morning he eats a hearty breakfast; but about church-time an attack comes on, and continues till services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy, and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk and talk about politics.

He retires early, sometimes, sleeps well, and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed, and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the next Sunday.

The *Lourdes Messenger* quoted in the *Northwest Review* (21 Sept. '44).

The Professor and Lucy's Soul

By CHARLES F. DONOVAN, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

Ideas of a University

If I ever have the courage of my conviction and try to emulate the wrath as well as the meekness of our Lord, I know beforehand what the occasion will be. I shall drive from my presence the parents of some bewildered sophomore who has just lost his or her faith at a non-Catholic college.

The priest is generally called in on such cases by a friend of the family or by a relative other than the parents. The parents, having composed the piece, are afraid to face the music; but cowardice is the smallest of their sins. The friend presents herself at the rectory and with genuine concern explains how Lucy came home from school for the holidays and announced she could not go to Communion since she no longer believed in it. Where does she go to school? The State University, and won't you please talk to her and see what's come over her? She was always such a good, religious child. No one can understand it, and everyone's so upset.

Yes, madam, I'll see her. But it's not going to take the acumen of a Suarez to diagnose the case. I can tell you Lucy's story before I meet her.

Provided she hasn't become involved emotionally with a collegiate atheist who finds her faith amusing, and allowing for environmental influence, association with smart or well-to-do

people unencumbered by religion, who seem to get along better than she does, one of two things happened to Lucy. Her faith was undermined by a systematic regression or by an unbalanced progression in knowledge.

I have to put this more simply for my visitor. Lucy's professors in one or more subjects may have passed over, as irrelevant, or nonexistent, factors which are the bases of faith; for example, the soul, life after death, the validity of conscience, the supernatural order, or even the existence of a supra-mundane Being, whom the believing call God. Now remember that these catechism truths were brushed aside or denied with all academic considerateness and gravity by men of wide though warped erudition, men whose equal for impressive learning and aplomb Lucy had never met. They were, above all else, so fair. They abandoned traditional tenets only when forced to do so by the best contemporary evidence. This seemed reasonable to Lucy, and she began to doubt and then to discount many truths she had brought with her to college. It was not a sudden nor clearly defined step. There was not a deliberate frontal attack on her faith as such. But so much of her mental furniture was shoved around, explained away, overlooked, elbowed aside, or consigned to limbo, that by

the middle of her sophomore year Lucy's mind was evacuated of a number of primary truths. This process may be called a systematic regression in knowledge.

I have at hand a textbook in educational psychology, a subject Lucy may well have elected, especially if she hoped to teach after college. *Impressive* is the apt word for this book. To the 19-year-old mind, its size, newness, diction, bibliographies, glossaries, and the author's connection with one of the East's leading universities are all signets of authority. In a section entitled "Primacy of the Body," Lucy's soul, though she may not realize it, is being attacked typographically. It is written "soul," put in quotes, as one would write words like "fogey" in letters home; and in parenthesis, like an aside or afterthought. The author states that this parenthetical soul is the pet of an educational tradition whose influence is still felt. It must be pretty outmoded if its continued influence is rather remarkable.

And this senile tradition holds, on its last legs, that the soul has a real existence after death. That's the first time Lucy has heard that proposition doubted. If her soul is not going to survive the grave, then why did God become man? Wasn't her soul redeemed and made capable of eternal Beatific Vision? But how could this be, if she hasn't got a soul? The author continues, in shifting and ducking verbiage, the basic presupposition that there is no soul. And that means that the dead are in the grave and that prayers

for them have been rather pointless. Heaven? Well heaven is supposedly peopled by the blessed souls, but if they don't exist, why have a place for them?

The professor squirms a little at this point. He sees Lucy's troubled mind so he resorts to quotes again. And lest his fair-seeming treatment of her half-formed objection should not satisfy her, he fires the finishing salvo:

"Such a view of human nature is far from being ugly or debased; instead, it supplies education with a hopeful and positive attitude justified by the most authentic deliverances of psychology and the whole structure of contemporary science."

There goes Lucy's soul.

Having thus cleared the ground, or shall we say the mind, the author launches into his text in workmanlike fashion, with graphs, charts, scales, tables and an assuring professional vocabulary. Chapter follows fat chapter, and he says much that is true, much that is just, much that is helpful, much that is original and stimulating about education. But nothing he has to offer can compare in importance for Lucy with what he said back on page 45 under his inaccurate heading "Primacy of the Body." Like Lucy's teachers, he sets down his authentic deliverances smoothly, honestly no doubt, an honest mouthpiece of some member of the Lowerarchy, and maintains to the end the scholarly objectivity, the suspension of judgment, that lend weight to his dicta. Here is no hasty condemnation of conduct deviating from ac-

cepted norms. And a conservative bias appears, when he says: "Deliberate promiscuity in either sex is abnormal, at least in the statistical sense."

That is Lucy's story if she has fallen among thieves, academic thieves who have robbed her of a pearl more priceless than virginity, the cornerstone of faith. But there is an alternative. By good luck she may not have been subjected to an agnostic climate of opinion. Perhaps her professors were Christians, or she may have taken such neutral courses as mathematics, domestic science, or drawing, where the teacher's philosophy is not so apt to obtrude itself. If this was the case, then Lucy lost her faith not by intellectual regression, but more likely by an unbalanced progression in learning.

Lucy was 18 when she entered college, immature, inexperienced, reasonably thoughtless. Contact with alert, trained minds, with ambitious and eager students, was a zestful experience, an awakening. She began to listen attentively, study hard, read much. As month succeeded month she mastered several subjects she had thought far above her. One skill after another became hers, and she loved it. Lucy was intellectually growing up, along these lines at least.

The tragedy was, of course, that as far as religion was concerned her mind was still in rompers. Thus there was a kind of dichotomy in Lucy's head, her secular mind maturing, her religious mind remaining immature. She had stopped going to Sunday school some years before, and now, after at-

tending brisk, provocative, or even brilliant, lectures all week, she would get from the pulpit on Sunday a ten-minute sermon that she had heard at least six times before. Then, as is inevitable, the question of religion came up in conversation. She was called upon for information, explanation or defense of her faith. Her catechism answers seemed hopelessly inadequate. She was ashamed of them before the bright, tolerant, questioning faces of her companions. This discomfiture set her thinking. There seemed to be much more impressive answers to problems in linguistics or sociology or political theory than to problems of faith. Maybe she had been too uncritical in accepting the dogmatic statements of the catechism.

Poor Lucy. And poor anybody, who thinks that the catechism is the ultimate and adequate expression of Catholic truth; who thinks that answers learned by rote in adolescence, frequently under the guidance of untrained volunteers, should be support enough for a mature mind; who thinks that a lifetime is not sufficient time in which to learn the mysteries of geology or Polynesian ethnology, but that a child of 15 has satisfactorily concluded the study of man and God, of the soul and its eternal welfare.

It never occurred to Lucy that there was a hopeless disproportion between her secular and religious knowledge; nor did she realize that, as the price of secular maturity had been reading and more reading, a similar price must be paid for religious maturity, at least in

the intellectual order, if not in the order of grace. Lucy charged her inability to grapple with religious questions not to ignorance, but to insufficiency or impossibility of faith. She succumbed to an unbalanced intellectual progression.

Lucy has come home for the holidays, and she has everything her mother sent her to the State University for: poise, friends, prestige, prospects. But she no longer believes in Holy Communion. Lucy's in her grave, and oh!



Regatta

The skipper of a U. S. destroyer was making his routine patrol run some 20 miles off an enemy atoll in the Marshalls. He sighted a small craft, moved full speed toward it, and presently came up with an outrigger canoe under sail. The lone navigator came aboard. He was the chief of the natives on the enemy atoll.

He had put out simply in the hope of falling in with an American vessel and making a request. His people, nearly 200 families, were suffering severely. The Japs took more than half of each catch of fish and rationed the natives severely on the fruit of their own trees. And the Japs would not let them occupy dugouts or shelters when the American bombing planes came over on their regular runs. Would it be possible for the Navy to get his people off that island? Get them to another island where America was in control?

The destroyer skipper said it would indeed be possible. The native chief put back to his island, and many hours later, between midnight and dawn, the destroyer quietly drew inshore. It was a moonless night. An extraordinary procession put out from the beach: scores and scores of canoes, bearing the entire native population of the atoll. They moved under sail, with muffled steering oars.

When the dawn broke over the Pacific it shone upon a fabulous parade: a U. S. destroyer towing nearly 100 native boats in single file, each boat crowded with men, women, and children. Soon they were all settled in a new home, with food and medical care, and their men were building new huts.

Morris Markey in *Liberty* (20 Jan. '45).

"My Country Right or Wrong"

By PAUL HANLY FURFEY

Love your country, but within reason

Condensed chapter of a book*

It is high time that true patriotism is recognized as the very antithesis of exaggerated nationalism, which is summed up in the fatuous slogan, "My country right or wrong." A man who uses those words accepts the national will as a principle of conduct regardless of its morality. He professes himself ready for any crime so long as his country demands it. Obviously this attitude leaves no room for ethics and religion; for ethics and religion have been supplanted by the state. What the state wills, not what God wills, is to determine how the individual shall act. Exaggerated nationalism is the worst charge that can be made against Hitler's Germany; for all nazi crimes can be quite logically justified once this pernicious principle has been admitted.

The Popes are very careful to distinguish between legitimate patriotism and exaggerated nationalism as they point out the many evils which flow from the latter. Two statements of Pope Pius XI express the mind of the Holy See with particular clarity. The first points out that exaggerated nationalism is the sort of pseudo patriotism which causes wars. "And certainly it is from these unbridled lusts, masquerading, of course, as public spirit and patriotism, that international enmities and conflicts are wont to arise. For this patriotism and na-

tional loyalty, though a potent spur to many virtues and brave deeds as long as it is guided by the law of Christ, becomes nevertheless the seed of widespread wrongs and evils when it oversteps the bounds of justice and right and grows into an excessive nationalism."

The other quotation points out how the spirit of nationalism can so deaden the conscience that wrong is looked on as right by a strange and tragic inversion of moral values. "Right order of Christian charity does not disapprove of lawful love of country and a sentiment of justifiable nationalism; on the contrary, it controls, sanctifies, and enlivens them. If, however, egoism, abusing this love of country and exaggerating this sentiment of nationalism, insinuates itself into the relations between people and people, there is no excess which will not seem justified; and that which between individuals would be judged blameworthy by all is now considered lawful and praiseworthy if it is done in the name of this exaggerated nationalism."

Because an exaggerated nationalism discards God's law and sets up the national will as the ultimate norm of its perverse morality, it is obviously an anti-Catholic force. This is not only evident theoretically; it is evident also from the history of nationalism. In the

*The Mystery of Iniquity. 1944. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 192 pp. \$2.

Middle Ages nations in the modern sense did not exist. The civic loyalty of each man was centered on his immediate superior within the complicated framework of the feudal system. Beyond that, men felt a rather vague civic obligation toward Christendom in general. Ambitious rulers did indeed quarrel with the papacy on political issues, but the supremacy of the Pope as the arbiter of moral issues was hardly seriously challenged. Toward the end of the 13th century, however, medieval culture showed signs of breaking down and at the same time the spirit of nationalism began to develop in western Europe.

In the 16th century nationalism had become strongly entrenched, and it certainly played a most important role in the Protestant revolt against Rome. If the influence of nationalism is left out of account, the Reformation cannot possibly be explained. The classical Protestant interpretation of the movement as a popular revolt against the corruption of the Church has definitely been abandoned by impartial non-Catholic historians. What does make the Reformation understandable is the spirit of nationalism. Rulers had every selfish reason to favor a revolt against Rome. By establishment of national churches they could hope to control their subjects' consciences through religious sanctions as they had previously controlled them physically through civil power.

Papal pronouncements on matters of right and wrong could no longer curb an ambitious and evil king. Then, too,

after revolting against Rome, a greedy ruler could enrich himself by seizing Church property. In the case of Henry VIII the Church's strict marriage code was another motive for revolt. The rulers, then, had plenty of selfish reasons to favor the Reformation; but how could the people be won over? Exaggerated nationalism gave an easy answer. People were told that they must choose between their nation and their Church. Because exaggerated nationalism was rife, large numbers chose the former. Their loyalty to the state was deeper than their loyalty to God. It was a clear case of "my country right or wrong."

Probably the Church has no more sinister enemy in the modern world than the spirit of exaggerated nationalism. Probably in no other way is the mystery of iniquity more visibly at work. This brand of nationalism sets up its own perverse system of ethics, which is absolutely inconsistent, not only with Catholic teaching, but with all morality. Other errors depend on deception to lure men away from Christ; but exaggerated nationalism couples brute force to deceptiveness. All the enormous resources of the over-powerful modern state are capitalized for its purposes. The press, cinema, and radio spread propaganda. By a subtle understanding of human psychology all the human passions are appealed to and utilized: hatred, pride, anger, fear, lust. The hesitant are brought into line by threats; nor are these threats baseless, for the modern state does not scruple to use organized

violence against the recalcitrant. Hitler's Germany has taught the same lesson in the 20th century that Henry VIII's England taught in the 16th: the power of the nationalistic state to drive men from Christ by deception and brute force. The use of deception and brute force against Christ are the marks of the mystery of iniquity.

No wonder the temptation to conform to exaggerated nationalism can be overwhelmingly great. The tremendous power of the modern state is often marshaled against the Church. "The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord, and against his Christ." To stand up against this operation of the mystery of iniquity requires a vivid faith and great courage. Small wonder, then, if weak Catholics hesitate and then conform.

The spirit of exaggerated nationalism (God be thanked!) has never progressed in the U.S. to a degree at all comparable with that found, for example, in Hitler's Germany. Yet even in this country it has made considerable progress, and it behooves Catholics to examine their consciences to see whether they are properly equipped to resist a spirit which is so malign, so sinister, so opposed to the fundamental principles of the Christian religion.

This examination of conscience is very simple; for there is a crucial test which at once distinguishes the loyal, patriotic Catholic from the exaggerated nationalist. To appreciate the significance of this test, recall once more that the very essence of exaggerated

nationalism is that it puts "loyalty" to country above God's law. Remember also that the official and infallible interpreter of this law is the Catholic Church. In the light of these principles the test is easy to understand. Whenever nationalistic propaganda counsels a course of action which the Church, as the interpreter of the moral law, forbids, then the Catholic must make a definite choice. If he turns a deaf ear to the Church's teaching and follows the nationalistic propaganda, he proves himself an immoderate nationalist. If he rejects the propaganda and follows Catholic teaching, he proves himself a loyal Catholic, and incidentally a real patriot, for exaggerated nationalism is the enemy of true patriotism.

To give a pertinent example, the Holy Father has at various times appealed for a negotiated peace. At least that would seem to be the import of such statements as the following, from his Silver Jubilee address: "We make a warm, fatherly appeal to statesmen that they may not let any occasion pass that may open up to the nations the road to an honest peace of justice and moderation, to a peace arising from a free and fruitful agreement, even if it should not correspond in all points to their aspirations." There is certainly nothing in this appeal of the Pope's which could legitimately offend just patriotism in any nation. He does not demand peace at any price. He does not call for a peace without honor and justice. He merely asks that statesmen should not rule out *a priori* the possibility of a decent negotiated peace, and

he is realistic enough to see that to arrive at such a peace nations must be prepared to make some sacrifices. What reasonable man could quarrel with his stand?

But the policy of the United Nations has been, up to the present, to exclude the possibility of a negotiated peace. That was the import of the Roosevelt-Churchill agreement at the Casablanca conference. It was reaffirmed at Moscow when Britain, Russia, China, and the U. S. declared they would "continue hostilities against those Axis powers with which they respectively are at war until such powers have laid down their arms on the basis of unconditional surrender." Up to the time of the present writing this stand has never been retracted. It would seem that the United Nations have committed themselves to a stand which cannot be reconciled with the policy of the Holy Father.

Yet American Catholics, as a body, have been noticeably silent on this point. Equally disturbing is the silence of Catholics toward the bombing of noncombatants. Pope Pius XII has had more than a little to say on this point. To cite only one pronouncement, he has spoken with commiseration of the "many thousands of noncombatants, women, children, sick and aged, from whom aerial warfare—whose horrors we have from the beginning frequently denounced—has, without discrimination or through inadequate precautions, taken life, goods, health, home, charitable refuge, or house of prayer."

This is obviously an important state-

ment and it contains a number of valuable points for our guidance. Earlier in the war some Catholics had argued that in modern total warfare there are no noncombatants and that therefore the general bombing of civilians could be justified. This view seems hard to reconcile with the Holy Father's explicit mention of noncombatants.

On the other hand, it is important to note that the statement contains no condemnation of the bombing of military objectives even though such bombing may incidentally involve the loss of some noncombatant life. What the Pope actually does is to "denounce" the "horrors" of aerial warfare, and these "horrors" seem to include casualties involving noncombatants and the destruction of nonmilitary objectives, such as private homes, charitable institutions, and churches. Furthermore, these unjustifiable evils might be brought about in two ways, either through bombing "without discrimination" or through bombing with "inadequate precautions." As examples of the former, one may perhaps think of the German destruction of Coventry or later destruction of German cities by the United Nations.

Here is a rather explicit and evidently a very carefully worded declaration by the Holy See on a practical matter of the highest importance. No matter how one looks at it, it does not seem possible to explain it away. It does not seem possible to deny that in these words the Pope has denounced certain features of aerial warfare as practiced

both by the Axis powers and the United Nations. Therefore one might reasonably expect that American Catholics would use their rights as citizens of a democracy and demand that aerial attacks be confined to the bombing of military objectives. If Catholics are to accept their principles on moral issues from the Holy See, and not from nationalistic propaganda, no other attitude would seem possible. Yet, as a matter of actual fact, our attitude has been far different. Except possibly on the occasion of the bombing of Rome, Catholics seem to have been just about as passive on the question of bombing noncombatants as their non-Catholic fellow citizens.

Catholics sometimes betray a nationalistic bias in yet another way, namely, by their attitude toward communism and nazism, respectively. The proper, and indeed the necessary, Catholic attitude can be summed up in four propositions: 1. We must hate the communism of the Russian government. 2. We must love the Russian people. 3. We must hate the nazism of the German government. 4. We must love the German people. These propositions are true beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt and they remain true no matter who the allies or the enemies of the U.S. happen to be. They are true in time of peace and they are equally true in time of war. A good test

of clearheaded Catholicity is to interview a man on these four propositions to see whether he is willing to assent to all of them with equal positiveness. There are some Catholics who betray their disloyalty to the Church by taking a biased view. They emphasize in the strongest language our obligation to hate nazism and to love the Russian people, and thus far they are obviously right. But they betray their treacherous conformism, their cowardly and immoderate nationalism, by trying to explain away the horrors of communism or at least by maintaining a guilty silence on the matter, while they have never a word to say about the obligation of loving the German people. This type of conformation may lead to a temporary popularity in certain quarters, but it is nevertheless thoroughly despicable.

This tendency to look to the state rather than to the Church for judgments on right and wrong is, it is well to recall, precisely the essence of exaggerated nationalism. It seems safe to say that this evil, which has been denounced in such strong terms by Rome, is a very real danger in America today. To the weak-kneed conformist it is a very serious temptation; but the loyal Catholic who is strong in his faith will avoid it as he would avoid the plague. He will never say, "My country, right or wrong."



Under the present circumstances communist agitators are the best salaried class in wretched Europe. John Martin in the *Weekly Review* (KAP) 24 Jan. '45.

The Ruler of Spain

By EDWARD J. GRAHAM

Condensed from the *Shield**

Facts for Franco baiters

While political pots in most countries of continental Europe are boiling over, the press has not been neglecting the fires under the seething politics of unhappy Spain. Not only leftist papers, but even conservative publications are demanding the overthrow of Franco and establishment of a "democratic" government in Spain. This anti-Franco chorus is nothing new, of course. Like Poor Johnny One-Note in the lately popular song, the enemies of Franco have been shouting "fascist" ever since the *Caudillo* came into power. But now opposition from other than Red sources is becoming more insistent.

There have also been reports from those anonymous oracles, "authoritative spokesmen" and "reliable sources," that the American and British governments are beginning to bring more pressure against Franco. There has been no official confirmation of these reports, but the recent appointment of new American and British ambassadors to Spain seems to presage a change in diplomatic tactics. Even in Spain itself, a large majority of the Spanish people are said to be anxious to see a change in the government that would include the dismissal of Franco.

Is all this opposition to the Spanish government justified? Is Franco the supergangster he is made out to be? Does the welfare of the Spanish people

really demand that a new government be set up in Spain?

To answer all these and similar questions with an unqualified Yes or No would be to fall into the error to which too many have succumbed already. Ever since the Spanish Civil War, when the Spanish question became the ideological battleground between the forces of the right and the left, there have been a great many people on both sides who have committed the intellectual sin of oversimplification.

Thus, there were those who saw in Franco the personification of the spirit of fascism, and who, in their desire to see the Nationalist leader overthrown, condoned the most inhuman excesses of the so-called Loyalists. Thus it was that many good people in our country, who would ordinarily not touch a communist with a pole of any length, were rooting along with the Reds for the downfall of Franco. The press, almost without exception, gave the impression that the Spanish war was principally a kind of crusade against fascism. Only the Catholic press pointed out the inconsistency of trying to supplant Franco's dictatorship with an even more vicious form of totalitarianism, communism.

Just for the sake of historical background, the following facts may be re-

*Crusade Castle, Linwood Sta., Cincinnati, 26, Ohio. February, 1945.

called. In 1937, about a year after the outbreak of civil war in Spain (July, 1936), a report from Vatican City stated that the following atrocities had been committed by the radicals, who were identified with the left-wing "Loyalists," or the party that seized the government illegally in the elections of February, 1936: the murder of 11 out of Spain's 60 bishops, the murder of between 40% and 50% of the 33,500 Catholic priests in Spain, the destruction of all the churches in 23 Spanish dioceses. In addition, the "Loyalists" were accountable for the murder of at least 25,000 civilians for "political" reasons.

A book written by Salvador de Madariaga, former Spanish Ambassador to the U. S. (*Spain*, Creative Age Press, N. Y., 1943), confirms the charges that the "Loyalist" group against which General Franco waged war were the real instigators of the revolution that devastated Spain between 1936 and 1939. Señor de Madariaga publicly acknowledges his affiliation with Freemasonry, his anticlerical personal attitude, and his lifelong friendship with Spanish communist leaders. Yet his book admits and proves the following facts:

The "popular front" government which came into power in February, 1936, was dominated by communists, organized terror, deliberately plotted revolution, and was supported by communists in Russia.

Largo Caballero, who claimed the office of Prime Minister, as well as Alvarez del Vayo and Juan Negrin, lead-

ers of the "Loyalist" forces against Generalissimo Franco, was a communist agent.

Spanish communists and others were responsible for the unlawful removal of \$800 million in gold from Spain, leaving the country in bankruptcy.

There is much more on the record, but the foregoing items are sufficient to explain why the uprising of the Army under General Franco won the support of the majority of the Spanish people and of large numbers of right-thinking people in other countries.

But the civil war ended in 1939. Catholics for the most part supported Franco, and, in our opinion, rightly, because he and his forces formed the only obstacle to a communist Spain. But it is one thing to hope that Franco would preserve Spain from atheistic communism, and quite another to extend one's unquestioning approval to every feature of the Franco government.

If the Spanish government, then, is neither black nor white, what shade of gray is it? Here is the picture as we see it:

Politically, Spain is a kind of crazy quilt, whose colors are in violent contrast to one another. There are a half dozen major political parties. The dominant party, the Falange, which supports Franco and which in turn is supported by him, does not permit the other parties to have a voice in the government. The program of the Falange, adopted in 1937, is totalitarian in phraseology and in spirit. It specifically demands that all the apparatus of gov-

ernment be used as a "totalitarian instrument in the service of the integrity of the fatherland." It stipulates that all other political parties must be "relentlessly abolished" and that all the economic forces of the country must be "constituted in an organic totality."

It is worth noting that the Falange is anticlerical, as has been evidenced in the many statements made by Falange leaders against the Church. And the Church, as represented by the primate of Spain, Archbishop Pla y Deniel of Toledo, and other members of the Spanish hierarchy, has often spoken out against the Falange.

The *Caudillo* is supposed to have supreme control over the Falange, but actually the degree of this control varies with the political weather. Once Franco was strong enough to order the dismissal of Ramon Serrano Suñer, one of the most powerful of the Falangists. At other times, particularly within recent months, he has seemed to fear the Falange, praising it excessively and refraining from criticizing its obvious defects. Franco's enemies, of course, are quick to interpret this as evidence that Franco is as totalitarian in spirit as the most radical of the Falange, but there is just as much evidence that Franco's intermittent sycophancy toward the Falange is inspired by his conviction that a Spain without the Falange would be even worse off than a Spain saddled with this corrupt political group. The sudden demise of a government, especially in a country as volatile as Spain, creates a political vacuum that can be filled only after an

explosion of some kind. And Spain is in no condition to endure another civil war.

The time for a peaceful exchange of governments may be at hand, however, because some of the political groups seem moving toward a modified parliamentary system under a restored monarchy. The candidate for the throne is Don Juan, son of the former King Alfonso. Not only those who have always plumped for a restoration of the monarchy in Spain, but other groups, like the Christian Democrats, seem leaning toward this change. Franco himself was said to have favored abdicating in favor of some such system, but now appears reluctant to do so. Perhaps this is because he feels the monarchist movement would not receive sufficient support and that a premature attempt at such a change would lead only to a period of anarchy which would invite foreign, and especially communist, intervention.

Spain's greatest need, then, is unity. Until such unity is attained, it seems to us rash to place a final judgment on Franco's actions. He is a dictator. His government is authoritarian in the sense that legislation is by decree and not by the expressed will of the people. His plans to improve the country's economic and social condition have been only moderately successful, the result, largely, of the government's impoverishment at the hands of the communists. But, on the other hand, it can be doubted whether any other form of government would have produced better results.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Beach, Joseph Warren. A ROMANTIC VIEW OF POETRY. *Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.* 133 pp. \$2. Lectures on poetry as stimulation and expression of our deepest human satisfactions.

Benard, Edmond D. A PREFACE TO NEWMAN'S THEOLOGY. *St. Louis: Herder.* 234 pp. \$2.25. A treatise on Newman's basic thought to complement the many estimates of his contribution as a literary figure.

DRINK FROM THE ROCK; *Selected Poems.* *New York: Catholic Poetry Society of America.* 124 pp. \$2. Some discerning and delightful verse is found in this anthology from the second five years of *Spirit, a Magazine of Poetry.*

Julian, Constance. SHADOWS OVER ENGLISH LITERATURE. *Milwaukee: Bruce.* 96 pp. \$1.50. Unusual series of essays; Australian writer discusses the interest of a number of non-Catholic writers in Catholicism with their failure to comprehend it and the consequent defects in their writing.

Lavery, Maura. NO MORE THAN HUMAN; a Novel. *New York: Longmans.* 249 pp. \$2.50. Amusing adventures of an Irish country girl as governess in peacetime Madrid. Seams and frills of Spanish life seen through the eyes of youth.

Magaret, Helene. WHO WALK IN PRIDE. *Milwaukee: Bruce.* 280 pp. \$2.50. Historical novel moving from France of the Revolution, through the West Indies, to the American West. An unfeeling disposition makes life hard for a young man in city, plantation, and the wilderness.

Reinhardt, Kurt F. A REALISTIC PHILOSOPHY; *the Perennial Principles of Thought and Action in a Changing World.* *Milwaukee: Bruce.* 268 pp. \$2.75. Readable introduction that covers both the speculative and practical aspects of philosophy. Emphasizes rules that should guide conduct in political and economic life.

Steinmueller, John E., & Sullivan, Kathryn. A COMPANION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. *New York: Wagner.* 328 pp. \$3.75. Explains the origin of the New Testament, its several parts, teachings contained in it, and events in the lives of our Lord and the Apostles.

Van der Veldt, James A., O.F.M. THE CITY SET ON A HILL; *the Story of the Vatican.* *New York: Dodd, Mead.* 299 pp., ill. \$2.50. Boys and girls—and older persons—will like this informal ramble through the buildings, gardens, museum halls, libraries, and "downtown" section of the world's smallest country.

Watkin, Edward Ingram. CATHOLIC ART AND CULTURE. *New York: Sheed & Ward.* 226 pp., ill. \$4.50. History of Christian art and the thought that has animated its several periods: ancient, medieval, renaissance, baroque, and modern. The author assigns special importance to the baroque.